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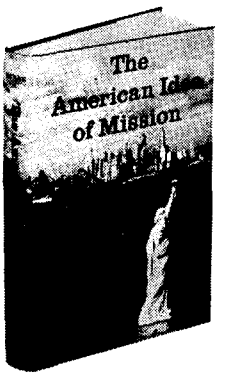

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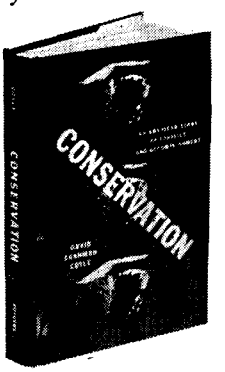

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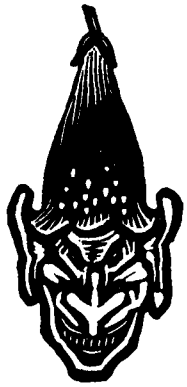

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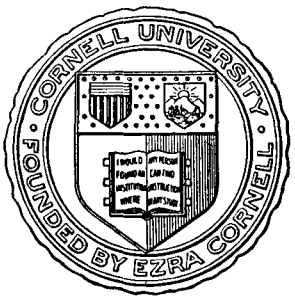

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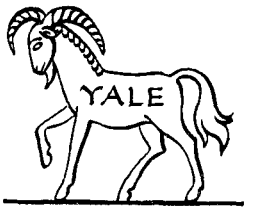

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 27 *Winter, 1957-58* NUMBER 1

The Frontiers of the Human Condition

MAX LERNER

WE ARE IN THE HABIT OF TREATING the main areas of knowledge and effort—the humanities, the sciences, the social sciences, the creative arts—as if they were autonomous. We forget that they have in common their convergence on man and the human condition. They are pursued by man, they are about man, and—if knowledge is intended to have some purpose—they are meant for man, to serve his purposes. I do not embrace here the idea of a man-centered universe or of man-created gods, for the universe is insensitive to man and perhaps unaware of him, and God loses stature as an instrument only of man's egotism. But I do mean that human knowledge and striving, insofar as they are human and not cosmic or supernatural, must focus on the nature and situation of man.

One of the common fallacies of intellectual effort and research in our time is the belief that whatever is "new" or "on the frontier" must therefore be better, more profound or more exciting than what is traditional or somewhere near the center of their area. The cult of "newism" has its limits. Roger Sessions reminds us, for example, that the problems of creativeness in musical composition are not the problems of opening up new frontiers, but of finding our position within the present ones. He speaks of the current crisis

✪ MAX LERNER is a columnist for the New York *Post*. He is the author of *It Is Later Than You Think, Ideas Are Weapons, Actions and Passions*, and the recently published *America As a Civilization*.

This essay will appear as the introduction to a collection of papers which were read at the Convocation of the Graduate School of Brandeis University and will be published in the near future. The essays by Roger Sessions, Wolfgang Kohler, Samuel A. Goudsmit and Harry Levin, which are quoted, also were read at the Convocation.

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in music as "but one phase of an enormous cultural transformation which confronts us with tremendous challenges": how we react to this challenge "spells either death or renewal, and the eventual artistic issue is whether . . . the imagination of artists . . . is powerful enough to bring its vision or order and coherence to bear on the chaotic inner life of today, and more specifically in terms of our Western civilization."

This could apply equally to the humanities and the social sciences, and especially to the natural sciences. The issue with every area is less the relatively simple question of further discoveries than that of taking what has been (and what will still be) discovered, and assimilitating it to the needs of men. It is, in Sessions' phrase, a question of "either death or renewal," and the issue is whether the imagination not only of the artist or writer, but also of the scientist or social scientist or statesman, is "powerful enough to bring its vision or order and coherence to bear on the chaotic inner life of today."

Thus, the frontiers with which we are dealing are not only the frontiers of knowledge, but of the human condition itself.

In what sense can we speak of these as frontiers of the human condition? Wolfgang Kohler hints at the clue in his vigorous and delightful assault on smog. Among the instances he gives of smog, the common element is an obsessiveness so complete that the scientist or student can no longer distinguish between his special constructs and idiom and the inherent conditions of life, between the dismal darkness of determinism in which the smog envelops men and the reaches of possibility of which men in all their frailties are capable. The common element is, therefore, one not of new knowledge or new research but of life values. In many cases the massive "new" intellectual systems of the philosophers and sociologists involve in actuality a retreading of old paths and a re-entry into old blind alleys, and have little to offer of fresh sustenance for the human spirit. By the same reasoning, it is possible to take old problems, in well-established sciences and in old fields of endeavor, and reformulate them in such a way as to shed a new light on some of the intrinsic dilemmas and experiences of men.

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It is not unusual, of course, for those who devote themselves to any particular part of the forest to feel that it is the crucial spot, the chosen arena for frontier effort. This is one of those amiable illusions of centrality which may console a scholar and thinker for the otherwise intolerable burdens which his discipline places upon him. Every era, moreover, has some favorite intellectual field—or, to adhere to my figure, some favorite part of the forest—which by quite general agreement is deemed to be the special preserve of the frontiersmen. Thus, Samuel A. Goudsmit remarks, with some playfulness but also with an underlying seriousness, that chemistry is "the uncivilized hinterland where we consolidate our forces," while physics "really is a frontier science." And he defines a frontier science as one in which "we make new discoveries which are so entirely new that they give us new concepts—not just new facts, not just new data, but new concepts."

There is enough validity in this at present to make it an engaging idea, but one should note that much of this is culturally conditioned. There have been other cultures, and other eras within our own culture, when other disciplines occupied the special niche to which we now assign physics—disciplines such as philosophy, theology, political theory, architecture, drama. In fact, one might say that the kind of discipline that a culture characteristically chooses for this niche tells a good deal more about the culture itself than about the discipline. The Greeks, for example, focused upon philosophy and on the life sciences, while in the era of Big Technology today we focus upon atomic physics. Thus Goudsmit speaks of the "new discoveries . . . in the structure of the atomic nucleus," and adds that "at the moment it is still a chaos, but a fascinating chaos. It is really like a gold strike, like discovering a new land or a new planet without exactly knowing where it is." And developing further the metaphor of the gold strike, Goudsmit notes that "as soon as a new field is opened . . . all the astro-physicists concentrate on that field and leave the others alone, considering them old-fashioned." All of which makes a fascinating study in the sociology of knowledge, the psychology of innovation and the social psychology of intellectual fashions.

If we ask what were the characteristic fields of intellectual effort

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for the Greeks, the answer probably is that they were the sciences of order (mathematics, logic), the life sciences, the cultivation of wisdom (in philosophy and tragedy and the theory of statecraft), and the discipline of education itself (*paideia*). If we take the leap of centuries and oceans and ask what are the characteristic fields of intellectual effort for American culture, the answer probably is physics (in its engineering but also recently its theoretical phases), economics (especially business organization), and the study and treatment of the personality (including psychology, psychoanalysis and the novel). Thus it is the mastery of the environment, the pursuit of higher living standards and profits, and the exploration of what Niebuhr calls "the self and its dramas" that form the crucial intellectual concerns of our culture and time.

It is inevitable that every university should in some measure reflect these values and felt needs of the culture. But it is also the province of the university to be critical of them, and to offer fresh directions and explorations that undercut the assumptions of value and sensibility contained in them.

I am not so much concerned here with fashions in knowledge and research. They are an understandable part of human frailty. As we peer about in the darkness, each of us holding our little glim, and someone strikes a new and rich seam of ore—or perhaps only appears to—we naturally gather around him, and soon many of us are hacking away near him. It matters little what the new vein is called—instinct psychology or behaviorism, Freudianism or Gestaltism, Keynesism or Marxism, quantum theory, relativity, existentialism, atomic physics, symbolic logic, attitude studies, the atonal scale, stream of consciousness fiction, nonrepresentational art, or the theory of communication. What is crucial in any culture is that its thinkers and artists should have the capacity to open up these new veins, to get excited by them, to see their potentials—but also to see that they may be superficial and may lead nowhere. Since we all live and work in so intense a climate of innovation, there will be enough people among us willing and even anxious to work on the "frontiers."

What counts, again, is not the innovation itself, welcome as that may be, but the direction and the implications of the energies of

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scholarship it releases. And this in turn is probably determined not by the sciences and arts themselves, but by vast and massive waves of feeling that move men, often despite themselves, and help shape human history, although in no regular or determinist pattern. Whether you call them dark and primal forces or radiant and God-directed or the racial unconscious or the great myths, they are without much doubt forces with which we must reckon as we look ahead toward the future direction of the intellectual energies of our culture. If intellectual fashions represent the waves, then these are the great, powerful tides.

One of the disquieting things about the tides now moving is that they are splitting into fragments the intellectual heritage which was once a unity. The fragmentizing of knowledge is part of the curse that the New Society has laid on us. In the world of technology the division of labor led to a fragmentizing of work into separable and trivial tasks, and then to automation where those tasks could be assumed by machines running machines, thus leaving the human beings mainly with the co-ordinating tasks. But the process has operated very differently in the world of the intellect. There was a moment when some thinkers glimpsed a vision of a kind of automation in social thinking as well, whereby the basic problems of society could be reduced to statistical treatment, and the computing of the statistics could in turn be performed by machines. But computers, electronic brains and MANIACS (to use Von Neumann's term for his calculator) can only lighten the human burdens in the trivial work; in the realm of the intellect they can do little with the nonrecurring untrivial work, which is what counts. There have been efforts to organize teams of researchers in order to restore the whole that has been fragmentized by specialization. But it doesn't help much: the process of thinking is, like that of any creative process, at bottom a lonely one.

The Western world is thus coming to be divided into what the English novelist and scientist C. P. Snow has called the "two cultures": the traditional culture of the humanists, somewhat tired, overprecious, unsure of its future; and the culture of the scientists —the "new men"—narrow in their exposure to literature and the

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arts, matter-of-fact in their outlook, yet confident that they are the wave of the future. Some sort of gulf is clearly developing between those who carry on the tradition of the "clerks," or scholars, of the past and the very enterprising men who, without receiving any mandate, have assumed the direction of the future.

It is worth noting that a recent series of articles in the *Wall Street Journal* on "The Idea Mills" dealt not with philosophers or educators but with the "basic research" that "provides knowledge for tomorrow's practical products and processes." Similarly, the phrase "idea men," as used in the advertising and opinion industries, refers to those whose function it is to think up new "gimmicks" —new techniques of communication and persuasion. The linkage of both groups is with the world of power, in business and in the defense services. And, especially in the case of the scientists, a new subculture has come into existence, with an esoteric language which is coming to be less and less intelligible to the groups outside—in fact, even to other scientists. In some instances, as with an Einstein, an Oppenheimer, a Von Neumann, a Bertrand Russell, the two worlds are bridged, and the scientist and humanist are combined in a single intelligence. But the instances are becoming rarer, even with the earnest efforts of schools like M.I.T. and Cal. Tech. to put technical training in a humanist matrix.

This is not said with an anti-science animus, but only to clear away some of the tangle of confusions about the direction of intellectual energies in the future. One can recall the days when Ortega y Gasset and others delivered warnings against the "mass man" who would subvert and overthrow the hard-won traditional culture of the elite. But the progress of a culture like the American, in the spread of education and income and in making formerly aristocratic living standards available to the large middle-class majority, has made almost meaningless the old antitheses of "elite" and "mass." Even the terms "mass media" and "mass arts" have lost much of their meaning: they have become "big media" and "popular arts," but they cut across class and income lines and even educational lines. The division that should cause more concern, because it is freighted with more consequence, is between those who think about where technology and science are carrying man and those who don't

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care a hoot; and, within the groups that think about it, between those who accept a kind of daemonic quality within the mastery over the forces of nature and those who would wrestle with the demons.

Again this is not to devalue what science has been able to achieve, but it is to raise questions about the imbalance that has resulted in the human situation because of the startling accomplishments of the technicians under the spur of profits and war. If we take the nuclear weapons as a kind of symbol of science as a whole, we might say that it has now reached its "saturation point." That is to say, we have enough nuclear weapons to destroy both the enemy and ourselves, and any addition to the stockpiles or any refinement of their death-dealing powers would add but little increment of destructive value. Would it be too bold to say that, even if scientific advance were slowed up—or perhaps even frozen—we have already learned enough to keep our civilization going for decades or perhaps centuries to come?

The old fears of the "stationary state," whether in population or scientific advance, are no longer the valid fears. The new frontiers to be opened are no longer in *science* but (to risk a play on words) in *conscience*, no longer in technics but in the arts that give meaning to them and in the wisdoms that give direction to them. The flowering of graduate training in America came in the latter part of the nineteenth century, when Americans shaped their graduate schools in the image of the great universities of the Continent. In history, in politics, in science and medicine, in philology and philosophy, our scholars and teachers in that era went to the German universities especially, and brought back with them their schemes of values. The main theme of the phase that followed has been specialized knowledge and skills, and its products have been brilliant technicians.

It is time to recognize that not only America, but mankind, has come to the end of this phase. Neither specialization nor the emphasis on further "research" or "scientific advance" will solve any problems other than those they themselves help create. They will not nourish the human spirit or give directions to man's power or meet the challenge of tyranny. This has been demonstrated in Ger-

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many itself, the home of specialized graduate training, where specialization did not prevent the coming of the concentration camps or the operation of the crematoria. The scientists of the Kremlin are also specialists, and evidently pretty good ones—certainly well-paid and carefully cultivated by the regime.

For us in America what I have called "the flowering of latter-day man" has thus far produced a great and intricate artifact that we have the right to term an American "civilization"; its parts are of unequal value, it holds out many perils to itself and the world, yet it seems to have a tensile strength and resilience that have survived pressures and crises. Thus far its energies have been turned outward, as if continuing the geographical expansion, in extending widely the products of contemporary culture.

The time has come when it must turn inward and release the American imagination for the more difficult task of grappling with the implications of the power and the products that men have at their command. The release of the imagination has been a concern of the Western world for centuries. The great outburst of energy we call the Renaissance came at a time when men's imaginations exploded into the exploration of the heavens, the wanderings of discovery over the earth and the seas, the ransacking of the stored intellectual treasures of the past, the imaginary voyages into the future, the probing into the secrets of nature through science, the taste of new national power. But in the process of describing this it must be evident that the explosion we call the Renaissance focused on man himself, and kept its balance between its various phases by reason of that focusing. "In the humanities," says Harry Levin, "man is still the measure"—and understandably so, since so much of the impetus of the humanities has come from the imaginative release achieved by the Renaissance.

What is needed is a new release of man's imagination in the spirit of a Renaissance for our own time, in terms of our own energies and needs. Since science and technics have already accomplished so much, since (as I have said) they are already "saturated," the new release must be toward the human situation itself—to the defining of values and implications, to the extension of human pos-

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sibility in the arts of living and creating rather than of consuming and destroying.

This will have to serve at once as the task both for what we call narrowly "education" and, more broadly, for the whole field of intellectual inquiry and energy. For their task is a common one. I do not recognize the dangerous split we make currently between "research" and "teaching." All education—that is to say, all teaching and learning— is the most important kind of research, which is to say that it explores the processes by which minds and personalities are shaped. And all scholarly inquiry probes the reaches of what can be learned and taught.

In that common task of education and inquiry I can discern three main emphases.

One, in an era of fragmentation, is the need for seeing and making wholes out of our constructions—out of the work of art or the product of industry, out of the pattern of thought or the scheme of a life, out of a mind and a personality, out of American society and Western civilization, out of man himself. "Your business as thinkers," said Justice Holmes to a class of law students, "is to see the relation between your particular fact and the frame of the Universe." It is still our business, outweighing everything else. The time is here when a graduate student need no longer feel that he has picked—or been assigned—his own little corner of the forest and got lost in it, beyond hope of communicating with those in another part of the forest. The problem of seeing and achieving the whole is not always one of synthesis: it is one of working, whatever the scope of the work, always in the context of the whole.

The second emphasis must be that of achieving what James Harvey Robinson long ago called "the humanizing of knowledge." I don't mean it in the sense of the popularizing of what we know and do: most of it already has been spread too thin in an age of popular culture. Nor do I mean always reducing what we know and do to the rule of utility: that too does not lack its champions and practitioners. I mean rather the bringing of the human personality back into the whole field of inquiry and effort.

Let me illustrate with a general education course for seniors

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with which we have been experimenting at Brandeis. We bring to the campus a succession of men and women who have done distinguished and effective work in their fields, and we ask them to speak about their life, their work and their outlook. After all the specific college courses, many of them inevitably fragmentary, we ask the student to question, examine, listen to a whole man and a whole life. The common element that connects these very diverse men and women is the element that Emerson called the "conduct of life"—the fact that each of them is asked to talk about how he came to live the kind of life he is living, what his choices and compromises have been, what the *cui bono* has been.

The task of the humanizing of knowledge, let me repeat, is not that of popularizing it, but of bringing out its human connection. In the broadest sense, as one surveys the total field of inquiry, it is the giving emphasis to the arts and disciplines that can lead to the renewal and transformation of man, not to his withering and death as a species.

This leads in turn to the third emphasis. If we are to talk of the frontiers of knowledge, then the exploration that the new forntiersmen must undertake is a kind of Journey into the Interior. I do not mean merely that we must concentrate on psychology and psychiatry, although neither do I make light of these studies. But the emphasis should be not on the cure of sick minds but on the deepening and refinement of healthy ones.

What will such a Journey into the Interior have to explore? I can set down here only the barest of suggestions, thinking in terms of what we have learned from our recent negative experiences. The human personality has become desensitized by exposure to mounting violence, brutality, deployment and manipulation of men: thus the first thing we must cultivate is *sensibility*. The human personality has become strait-jacketed by the conformists, has lost itself and its uniqueness in the mass: thus we must rediscover *identity*. The human personality has come to worship externals and to measure value in terms of them: thus we must develop the sense of *inwardness*, the daring to plunge into the depths of one's own being, and thereby find new meaning in the mantle of the earth, the tent of the heavens, the beauty of the senses, perhaps even the idea of God.

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Finally, the human personality has become atomized and alienated and has lost its links of common purpose with other personalities: thus we must re-establish *connection* between man and other men in units of living and thinking that are genuine communities, whose members are part of each other not in the sense of standardized parts but in that of caring and fighting for the same values.

Obviously each of these four components of personality—sensibility, identity, inwardness, connection—could be expanded upon almost at indefinite length. Nor do I pretend that they present a formula either for an intellectual or an educational system. But they may serve at least to support what I have said about the need for a sense of direction which will give meaning to our technics by focusing on men.

It is easy, of course, to set down terms as I have done and think that they can heal the scars of our time. No terms have such magic in themselves. One may cry "Humanism, humanism," yet it will not come when called; one may invoke a "restoration of learning" which somehow refuses to be restored; one may inveigh against the "treason of the intellectuals" only to find that scholars and thinkers and writers commit treason every day either by a blind partisanship or by a technician's "neutrality" which blessedly allows them to evade responsibility for the way in which their brain-products are used. Grace and salvation will not come through terms and formulae alone, but through the sweat of a common effort to grapple with real problems.

The dilemmas of the human situation are real, nor can they be resolved by blaming them on faulty "communication." The dilemmas have to do not with whether men understand each other: sometimes, I fear, they understand each other only too well. They have to do with the quality of man himself, the drives in him, his actions and passions. And they can be resolved only if he develops an awareness of himself and can thus turn himself into a better instrument for living together with other men.

Emerson once issued a call for a "self-reliant" American scholar, and defined the scholar as "man thinking." We are still in need of self-reliance, but even more of awareness. The scholar is *man taking*

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thought—of his own situation, of his sensibilities, of his identity, of his connection with others. We Americans have had the arrogance to believe that if only we pile power on power, technology on technology, heap of money on heap of money, nothing will be able to touch us. We have seen ourselves as somehow beyond the reach of tragedy.

In our moments of truth we may consider that a nation which cannot be touched by tragedy cannot be touched by the human condition itself. We have not reached the end of history, where we can be certain of feeling secure in the certitudes of the "American Way." Our technology may seem to us like an enchantress promising everlasting bliss. But it is more likely to prove the hinge of fate which may turn and—turning—hurl us and the world into nothingness. Maybe this will happen anyway, and maybe the only quality for us to cultivate is a stoic fortitude. But the pulse of life is still quick, and it moves us to effort and thought. The function of the thinker in the years ahead will no longer be primarily to transmit or conserve the heritage of scholarship, or to transform society by revolutionary change, but to stretch farther and ever farther the frontiers of the human condition.

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Life Looks at Literature

JAMES STEEL SMITH

IN A MEMORABLY WITTY NEW YORKER ARTICLE Wolcott Gibbs, speculating in 1936 about the future of the Luce publishing enterprise, concluded, "Where it all will end, knows God!" *Time* had been going since 1923, *Fortune* since 1930, and *Life* was a newborn infant. Two decades later the Luce publications remain vigorous journalistic facts, and it would still be foolhardy for anyone with a mind less than godlike to hazard a guess as to "where it all will end." But by this time it is clear that certain important things have happened, that new and possibly very significant patterns have emerged from the gargantuan Luce operation. New kinds of journalistic organization, new methods of collecting and arranging material for publication, new journalistic styles have been worked out by the Luce people—and not the least significant among these innovations has been *Life*'s creation of a new kind of criticism. Since its founding in November of 1936 *Life* has discovered and experimented with a new journalistic role: that of the visual-verbal, corporate critic of the visual arts, literature and music for both the general reader and the general nonreader. And in its twenty-one years in this role *Life* has developed an identifiable critical personality.

One of a critic's tasks (not the primary one but, certainly in our culture, one of them) is to observe artistic phenomena and draw other people's attention to them. From its beginnings *Life* has taken a lively interest in the arts—indeed, an almost possessive interest in them—and has always done this reportorial chore of the critic in a dramatically thorough way. In its first year (November, 1936, to

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November, 1937) *Life* published 123 pages on painting, 16 on sculpture, 23 on architecture, 25 on other visual arts (etching, et cetera), 35 on music and 27 on literature. In the year 1953-1954 it published 121 on painting, 13 on sculpture, 35 on architecture, 14 on other visual arts, 12 on music and over 80 on literature. From 1936 to November of 1955 it devoted over 750 of its major photographic sections (that is, one page or more) to the visual arts, exclusive of the motion picture; 430 of these were on individual artists. It gave over 190 such photographic treatments to literary subjects. Also, it printed 70 conventional word-essays (with illustrations, of course) on literary subjects. These totals do not include the hundreds of quarter- or half- or three-quarter-page pieces on art and literature scattered throughout the magazine's pages. Over the years it has devoted about one-ninth of its total non-advertising space to the arts, exclusive of material on motion pictures and the legitimate stage; to these two arts, of course, it has given a great deal of space and attention. It has also brought artists and writers to the notice of the general public by paying them to paint or write for *Life*. In such ways *Life* has for two decades informed the public about creative activities past and present, and has thus laid a factual foundation prerequisite to comprehensive criticism. The writer either must assume his audience already knows the works fairly well or must take on himself the task of informing them. Since the great majority of *Life*'s readers cannot safely be assumed to be well-informed about baroque style or Fra Angelico's frescoes or Hieronymus Bosch or Sherwood Anderson or Edith Sitwell or Pieter Mondriaan, *Life* has had to give them that information. And, of course, much of the information has been photographable—so *Life*, which has always prided itself on being a sort of universal eye, has tried to meet this need for information in the arts.

Moreover, as a gatherer and presenter of factual information in the arts, *Life* has exercised the critic's function of selection. In this way, of course, any collector, museum, commercial reproducer of art, or publisher acts as a critic, for he chooses to make certain things available according to certain criteria. That is, by the very act of selection he implies an opinion about a work and makes it possible for his audience to have an informed opinion about it.

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But *Life* has gone far beyond this in making known its conceptions and judgments of art: it has made a conscious effort to criticize the arts, to interpret and judge works of art, and to argue in support of its opinions. From its early years of publication *Life* has proudly admitted to its function of interpreter and evaluator or judge as well as reporter. In the September 19, 1938, issue, in a two-page advertisement, it described itself as "An Eye with a Brain," and went on to claim that "*Life* attempts not only to *record* but to *explain* trends, movements, and phenomena" and to boast, even so early, that it had "become the most potent editorial *force* in America." In a two-page advertisement on May 15, 1939, it proclaimed that in the presentation of America's "artistic flowering" it was "America's Most Potent Editorial Force." And on March 9, 1953, an advertisement said, through Jane Froman, its guest advertiser for that week, ". . . *Life* not only helps you see more; it helps you *perceive* more."

In its role as critic to a public without any specialized knowledge of the arts, *Life* has developed a complex set of ways of performing critically, and it has gradually emerged as a highly articulate critical personality. Its critical method has become an intricate combination of many different modes of exposition: (1) the selection and combining of pictures accompanied by verbal information and commentary, (2) editorial comment, (3) critical articles by hired biographers and critics, and (4) the selection and publishing of original work. None of these ingredients of this formula, of course, is limited to the pages of this periodical, but the mixture is *Life*'s own and merits attention for its differentness, as well as for the possible importance of its effects.

The present analysis will be confined to *Life*'s criticism of literature, not because the periodical gives more space to literary matters than to the other arts—it gives less—but rather because this is one form of critical activity most surprising in a mass-circulation picture magazine and most frequently overlooked by students both of literature and of the mass media. Much, of course, that will be said of *Life* as a literary critic can be said also—and much more emphatically—of *Life* as a critic of painting, the graphic arts, sculpture, architecture, the dance and music.

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The most elementary use of the first-named critical means—that is, photograph selection as comment—is in *Life*'s picturing rows of books which it, or a hired outsider, considers highly readable, significant of some attitude, or characteristic of an age. Other uses of photography as commentary have been somewhat more sophisticated. By its selection of photographs of an author the magazine has often succeeded in conveying an interpretation of both man and works—Hemingway burly and bandaged, the old man Santayana sitting quietly and quizzically on a bench in Rome in August of 1944, Ogden Nash being both proper and saucy at the marriage of his beautiful daughter, Somerset Maugham on a shopping tour, or Betty MacDonald being neighborly and happy. *Life* frequently and characteristically interprets books in terms of physical background or setting—photographs of Thomas Wolfe's boyhood home, Carl Sandburg's Galesburg, Steinbeck's Okie camps, Marquand's Boston, the Brontës' Yorkshire moors and parsonage, the nineteenth-century Hudson Valley world of Washington Irving, Thoreau's Walden Pond, Burns's Ayrshire, Willa Cather's Nebraska, Marianne Moore's zoo, the Dublin of Sean O'Casey. This is the visual counterpart of that written criticism which seeks understanding of a man through a better understanding of the actual places and events that may have suggested the places and events of his writing.

Still another visual means of criticism frequently used is the recreating of a book in *Life*'s own photographic terms— the retelling of the story in pictures. These picture-retellings have included series on *Kitty Foyle* ("white collar girl"), *Black Boy* and Ellison's *The Invisible Man*. The camera follows the central characters about, focuses on the two or three episodes the magazine-interpreter considers significant, and by various kinds of photographic technique —angle shots, brilliant black and white contrast or soft focus, symbolic suggestion—*Life*'s photographers and editors suggest a quality or attitude that *Life* sees in the book. For example, the photography for *Black Boy* is precise, restrained, "documentary," while the pictures for *The Invisible Man* are symbolic, rather suggestive of Cocteau's motion pictures or the work of Man Ray.

All these kinds of photographic commentary are accompanied

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by verbal commentary. For example, in a December 2, 1940, photograph-group on Somerset Maugham's writing career, *Life* referred to him as "one of the world's truly great writers" and suggested that all his work "has the cool, honest detachment, the clean prose and solid form that mark a literary artist." In a March 24, 1941, photographic trip around Marquand's Boston, Marquand was called "a social historian of real stature," and *Life* attributed to him "a tough and lucid Yankee mind." In a 1952 "Portfolio of Distinguished Britons" by Alfred Eisenstaedt, *Life* classified Joyce Cary as "a major modern novelist."

However, in both the primarily reportorial picture-group and the more unified, interpretative "photographic essay" it is more a matter of the words accompanying the pictures than of the pictures complementing the words. The *words* illustrate the pictures. In its February 16, 1953, issue *Life* explained, "Whereas magazines and newspapers normally illustrate their words with pictures, *Life*, a picture magazine, illustrates, or illuminates, its pictures with words. Although pictures may tell a great deal, they invariably suggest details, usually pertinent, sometimes trivial but always interesting, which *Life* includes in captions and text. This runs into quite a number of words—we have written some 21,000 for this issue."

The "picture essay," of course, is claimed by *Life* as a distinctive and essential part of its way of handling human affairs, including the arts, but *Life*, ostensibly a picture magazine, has come to put greater and greater reliance on the traditional verbal methods of informing and explicating and of voicing judgments. In the magazine's early years it had no section set aside for editorial comment, and until 1948 it published only three full-blown editorials on literary matters —a tribute to the dead Stephen Vincent Benét in 1943, a more qualified memorial on the death of George Bernard Shaw, and one entitled "Untragic America," in which the editors tried to show that American literary art presents a fuller picture of the tragic elements in American life than it gives of the happier parts of the American scene. But in 1948 the magazine gave over its editorial page three times to a serious discussion of writers and books; and since then a total of twenty-seven major editorials on literature, plus a dozen editorials drawing heavily on literary evidence, have ap-

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peared in *Life*. In some of its editorials the editors reviewed and pointed out the implications of a book whose subject related closely to one of the magazine's continuing intellectual causes—for example, Toynbee's *Study of History*, Orwell's *1984* and Chambers' *Witness*. More often the editorials pointed out with alarm or, occasionally, with contentment, some major trend in American letters; time and again *Life* asked whether American fiction was becoming more jaundiced in its view of American life and urged that it be less so. These are typical titles: "Fiction in the U. S.: We Need a Novelist to Re-create American Values instead of Wallowing in the Literary Slums," "The Revival of Elegance," "In the Newest Novels Humanity Gets a Better Break," "From Here to Obscenity." *Life*'s editorial writers have frequently addressed themselves to the question of alleged Communist leanings among American writers and to the matter of literary censorship in such editorials as "How Red a Herring?" "Chambers and His Critics" and "Books, Words and Deeds." And from time to time they have reminded their readers of the significance of Goethe, Bertrand Russell, Hilaire Belloc and other literary figures.

These *Life* editorials on literary matters combine a journalistic, gossipy, oversimplified catering to a nonliterary public with a rather arch, intellectualized literary debate that asks of the reader a considerable knowledge of books and ideas. The titles are usually headlinish and catchy ("Wanted: An American Novel"), and the text may be studded with such superficial slapdash as these recent descriptions of contemporary writing: "a literature which sounds sometimes as if it were written by an unemployed homosexual living in a packing-box shanty on the city dump while awaiting admission to the county poorhouse" and "the papaya-smelly, overripe school of the Truman Capotes" and "a parade of war novels which mostly read like the diary of a professional grievance collector with a dirty mind and total recall." This is the reader-catering side of *Life*. Yet a reader of an editorial on literature, to follow the argument, may need to know what "secularism" can mean, the literary context of "the lost generation," the life and works of Fitzgerald, Greene, Orwell, Niebuhr, Toynbee, Faulkner and Steinbeck. And *Life*'s suggestions often are based on not altogether trite combina-

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tions of ideas. For instance, in "The Revival of Elegance" (October 31, 1949) the editorial writer tied in the Fitzgerald boom with a contemporary "surge to romance" and the two of them with evidence, drawn from many fields, of a revival of values of "elegance." This may or may not be a valid conclusion, but it has little meaning for a reader unacquainted not only with recent American fiction but also with recent American criticism. The reasoning of these editorials may be rejected by critical readers, but they presume that their readers *are* widely read. Their over-all tone is that strange blend of journalistic sauciness with brow-beetling, ponderous pontification that is a trademark of a Luce publication—abstract, earnest and fuzzy.

With a frequency surprising in a mass-circulation photographic journal *Life* has used a third means—the most traditional—of evaluating literature: the hiring of critics to describe and discuss men and trends. Their work for *Life* has been the conventional verbal essay, not the "photographic essay" more commonly associated with the periodical; here the *photographs* illustrated the *articles*. A list of the authors dealt with in this way is revealing: 1936-1942, William Lyon Phelps, Heywood Broun, Thomas Mann, Booth Tarkington, William Saroyan; 1942-1948, Ellery Queen, A. P. Herbert, John P. Marquand, Ernie Pyle, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Lloyd C. Douglas, Harold Laski, Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, André Malraux; 1948-1956, Charles Dickens, Ernest Hemingway, Will Rogers, Robert Ruark, James Jones, Henry Green, Giovanni Guareschi, Alfred Kinsey, William Faulkner, T. S. Eliot and Agatha Christie. As might be expected, all but one of the subjects were alive when the articles were written. Also, they were all newsworthy at the time of writing—honored by sales or medals; the subject of heated controversy; prominent in some extraliterary capacity, such as that of politician or fire-bomb fighter; or symbolic of some current cultural trend. Obviously *Life* recognized its literary limits as contemporaneity and limelight. In literature it has not indulged to any extent an interest in writings of the past or writings by obscure authors of the present. (In this respect its practice in literary criticism has differed markedly from its record in the visual arts. *Life* has published over 170 major sections or articles on pre-twentieth-

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century art, as against about 500 sections or articles on twentieth-century artists.) Its choice of critical or biographical literary subjects is typical of *Life* in that, while its subjects were newsworthy, it did not neglect altogether the promotion of writers it liked. It is clear from *Life*'s treatment in other ways of Faulkner, Eliot, Guareschi, Marquand and Malraux that these men are for various reasons—some political, some theological, some aesthetic—approved of by *Life*. Thus journalistic and literary criteria combine to determine whether a modern writer will get the full critical treatment.

Life's critics have been, for the most part, competent general journalists, such as Lucius Beebe, Marquis Childs, John Bainbridge, Lincoln Barnett, Robert Coughlan and Ernest Havemann, rather than primarily literary critics. Only occasionally have critical articles been contributed by men who have practiced literary criticism extensively—Henry Seidel Canby, Malcolm Cowley and John Chamberlain. Indeed, most of its critics of literature have written for *Life* on a wide variety of subjects. For example, Lincoln Barnett wrote a series of articles on the physical universe, and Coughlan may write one month on Faulkner and soon afterward a thoroughly political article on California's Governor Goodwin Knight or Vice-President Nixon.

As might be expected, *Life*'s critical articles generally have a racy, journalistic tone, created mainly by the inclusion of all sorts of miscellaneous facts—an author's marriages, his favorite foods and drinks, his daily routine, what he got paid, his cronies, and so forth. But these articles are generally more than journalistic reporting. They contain critical analysis and evaluation, often serious in tone and relatively complex in method. Charles Wertenbaker, in an article on Malraux, does not dodge the intricate intellectual problems that Malraux has concerned himself with, and he relates Malraux's writing to the central crises of modern European thought. Roger Butterfield, writing on Marquand, is urbanely and intelligently interested in the purposes behind Marquand's characterizations and in the special qualities of Marquand's satire. True, *Life*'s critical articles are not so fully and intensely concerned with matters of literary craftsmanship and intellectual content as are most

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articles in the literary or scholarly quarterlies, but they are not in this respect as far as might be expected from the critical writing to be found in the *Atlantic, Harper's,* the *Nation* or *New Republic.*

Literary criticism has seeped into *Life* in still a fourth way—by the selection and publication of literary works within its expensive pages. If a magazine expresses approval of the things it publishes, if those pieces reveal common tendencies, and if those tendencies are reflected in other ways (in editorials, choices of pictures, et cetera), it would seem likely that the works are in some degree critical in intention and, to a limited extent, operate as criticism. In *Life* this happens.

Life's ventures into publishing or republishing poetry preceded its ventures into prose fiction. In the prewar and war years it published a good deal of topical poetry, such as Alice Duer Miller's *The White Cliffs,* Stephen Vincent Benét's *Listen to the People* and Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Murder of Lidice.* During the past ten years *Life* has published a scattering of poems, some of them less closely keyed to popular taste—for instance, poems from Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle* (a Pulitzer prize winner by the time *Life* published it, of course), Edith Sitwell poems and animal poems by Marianne Moore. But *Life*'s poetry publishing has been infrequent since its wartime flurry of popular propaganda verse.

Although the magazine moved slowly and gingerly into the publishing of prose fiction, that activity has become increasingly important and is a helpful indicator of its literary views and tastes. Along with a scattering of minor stories of mainly topical interest, *Life* has reprinted Hemingway's "The Killers" and Thurber's "Secret Life of Walter Mitty." In 1946 it published excerpts from Heggen's novel, *Mister Roberts,* and since then the magazine has published excerpts from a number of novels, including Ross Lockridge's *Raintree County,* Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men,* Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country,* Cameron Hawley's *Cash McCall* and William Brinkley's *Don't Go Near the Water.* In 1952 *Life* for the first time published an entire longer work—Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*—and soon afterward for the first time commissioned what it considered to be a major work of

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fiction, Michener's *The Bridges of Toko-ri*. In printing or reprinting all these short stories or longer works *Life* praised them in editorial notes, and in most cases its approval was implied by the publication of photographic sections on the author and of other works by him. This saturation makes *Life*'s printing of a Hemingway, Thurber or Michener piece more significant and symptomatic than it would otherwise be.

Of course, in looking at *Life*'s publication or republication of literary materials as a critical function we cannot overlook the total force of the publication of autobiography and a mass of reportorial or polemical writing by literary figures. The letters and memoirs of such public persons as Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Hitler, the Duke of Windsor, Goebbels, Churchill and Jacqueline Cochran have become a typical and much advertised feature of the magazine. And among these *Life* autobiographies have been writings by literary figures such as Undset, Cronin, Evelyn Waugh, Gertrude Stein, Mencken and George Bernard Shaw. Also, there have been many articles and condensations of books by well-known literary figures that were primarily reports or political or religious "think" pieces—for instance, articles by Waugh and Greene on Catholic institutions and doctrine, by Dos Passos on the state of the nation, or by André Maurois, Erskine Caldwell, Pearl Buck, John Hersey, Harold Nicholson, Archibald MacLeish, Sean O'Faolain, Arthur Koestler, Stuart Cloete, Aldous Huxley, William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren and Gilbert Highet on everything from French political morality to the case for telepathy. The selection of these authors to do reportorial or editorial pieces is a kind of underlining of the significance of the author and of his ideas, especially when this is done repeatedly, as in the case of Waugh, Greene, Huxley, MacLeish and Faulkner. Generally *Life* has used these authors in connection with subjects with which they are already popularly linked —for instance, Sean O'Faolain and Irish character, Waugh and Catholicism. In this way it tends to identify a writer with certain events or ideas—to establish Waugh as a Catholic intellectual, Dos Passos as an antisocialist.

And in addition to these writings by novelists and poets *Life* has continued throughout its years to publish serious articles on significant subjects by leaders in various fields of thought: Beard,

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Hocking, Niebuhr, Bush, Commager, William O. Douglas, Northrop. This sort of writing has created a kind of intellectual context for such literary critics and creative writers as *Life* has seen fit to present—an atmosphere of public debate about the nature of the individual in modern society, the existence of free will, the rise and fall of civilizations, the secularization of social ethics and institutions.

Because we are unaccustomed to thinking of a "picture magazine" as exercising critical functions, it has seemed appropriate to give considerable space to suggesting that *Life is* a critic and to explaining *how* it has presented its critical attitudes and judgments. Now, what have been the critical positions that *Life* has taken during the past two decades?

Life did not start with a full-blown philosophy of literature, nor has it stuck unwaveringly to certain lines. It has, instead, gradually evolved, or eased itself into, certain critical principles, and occasionally it has hesitated in its adherence to them. Contradictions we will find, but they are contradictions within a strongly set pattern. Many of these principles, of course, *Life* has also applied to other human activities—painting, architecture, politics, theology; but here we are concerned centrally with *Life*'s application of them to literature.

In the past decade the magazine has been very self-conscious as a literary critic, filled with a feeling of mission as an arbiter of popular literary taste. *Life*'s sense of critical identity came much later in literature than in the visual arts, but now that it has this feeling the self-consciousness is as assertive as it always was in *Life*'s relations with painting and sculpture. This flutteriness over its importance as a literary critic is most easily detected when "*Life* visits . . ." some literary haunt or haunter; the reader is hit on the head with the cultural significance of the fact that a big-circulation magazine would even *think* of sending a camera-laden representative to Jesse Stuart or a widely-Faulkner-read staff writer to William Faulkner in Oxford, Mississippi. But *Life* nearly always reveals this excitement when it pays more than a page of attention to a writer. It shuffles its feet portentously before entering the circle of a Hemingway or Sandburg by pointing proudly to earlier *Life* bits on the per-

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son or referring to its pride in doing what it is now doing or by suggesting its sense of responsibility, what it has called "its great privilege and responsibility"—a sort of feeling of having to alert the public to important creative developments and trends in literature and in all the other arts.

Very often this sense of literary significance becomes oppressive, too suggestive of the stuffed shirt; but sometimes in its introspection *Life* comes up with clear and shrewd observations. Thus the magazine itself discovered and identified the nature of its own drift toward literature from an almost total concern with visual events and visual expression. *Life* sensed that, although its immediate concern must always be with tangibles, its basic faith lay in intangibles, with ideas rather than things, in the "search for what is universally true" (July 25, 1949). And eventually it realized the greater comfortableness of abstract ideas in words (rather than in lines, shapes and colors) and, therefore, the consistency of an "idea" picture-magazine's publishing a great deal of non-pictorial literature and even a large amount of non-pictorial commentary on non-pictorial literature. A large section of the November 26, 1951, issue was given over to the work of the winners of a *Life*-sponsored photography contest; in this same issue an editorial, "A Generation of Esthetes?" worriedly pointed out the "wordlessness of this generation," its fear of "general truths," and its consequent turning to less "meaning-loaded" forms, such as photography.

As a literary critic *Life* has been a believer in literature as more conception than reflection, as more transformation than mirroring. Directly in editorial comment and indirectly in published articles it has frequently deprecated reportorial tendencies in American fiction. Its objection to Mailer, Jones and the majority of modern war novelists has been their alleged attempt to report solely the dirty surfaces of war. In its backward glances it has either neglected or looked askance at Farrell, Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, Norris, Zola. It has belittled naturalism as a kind of stenography which is not art. And the conception of life it has generally approved is an optimistic one—an image of people, especially Americans, as mainly nice folk, of American society as progressive, of daily life as more sweet-smelling than sour. *Life* has always disclaimed a tendency to be Pollyannish and has insisted that what it *is* looking for in literature

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is a recognition of the force of man's free will; in its editorials and in its critical articles a persistent theme has been the view that man is essentially noble. It praised Cozzens' novel *Guard of Honor* because it portrayed U. S. Man as "a person of great staying power"; it liked Heggen's *Mister Roberts* because Mister had "dignity"; it saw and approved of gleams of human worth in the GI's in Burns's *The Gallery* and Davidson's *The Steeper Cliff*. It admired Willa Cather for her recapturing of the "pioneer spirit." While admitting that Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* was an "uneven book" and might be "flimsy art," *Life* found it "at least affirmative." *Life* would like modern literature to have the "redeeming quality of spiritual purpose," to portray more frequently than it does "the unquenchable reaching of man's soul for a truth higher than reality, for a good better than himself, the qualities which modern literature so often deny [*sic*]" (September 12, 1955). *Life*'s disapproval of the literary underlining of brutality, degradation and tragedy may seem inconsistent with its leaning toward an intellectual conception of evil as an inherent component of existence (a view for which Whittaker Chambers over the past decade has been a frequent *Life* spokesman). The journal has not bothered to examine and explain this seeming conflict; it has, even in its most introspective moods, not seemed aware of the possibility of any such failure to mesh. If there is a quarrel between *Life* the optimist and *Life* the pessimist, the magazine's writers and editors have not openly acknowledged it.

On the more limited question of "realistic" portrayal of individual human beings and their daily lives, however, the magazine *has* stuck pretty much to one point of view—a general tendency to be hard on naturalism in literature. Much obscenity, much description of brutality and suffering or even of everyday routine incur *Life*'s very righteous wrath.

This opposition would seem to have a number of sources: *Life*'s generalized optimism about human character, and American life in particular; the magazine's idealistic conception of artistic statement as generalization rather than objective truth; its related sense of the moral purpose and effectiveness of art. Of course, there is the further possibility, impossible to prove or disprove, that it may be reflecting the preferences and taboos of its dominantly middle-class

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reading public. But whatever the sources—and multiplicity of source seems likely—*Life*'s dislike of much modern literature for its naturalistic tendencies, and its joy over the slightest signs of nonnaturalistic impulses among writers are being constantly trumpeted to its public—at the same time, of course, as it keeps its public in touch with squalor, pain and horror by means of the curious camera.

Life apparently feels it has found partial answers to its prayers in the recent work of a half-dozen writers—Hemingway, Faulkner, Waugh, Eliot, Greene and Huxley. In Waugh, Eliot, Greene and Huxley, all of whom *Life* has both published and described often during the past decade, it has had writers who in at least some of their work have established themselves as frank, often dismayed observers of society—artists whose writing contains large elements of pain. It would be hard to make a charge of Pollyannism against such men, and in the magazine's photographic and essay treatment of them their roles as social critics have not been overlooked. *Life*'s caption for an Evelyn Waugh article on Forest Lawn ran: "Death in Hollywood. In a large California cemetery a distinguished British writer finds the dead resting in the sunny joy of an eternal nursery." *Life* has not tried to make them into Tarkingtons or Lloyd Douglases, a strong temptation in a mass-circulation journal. It has published troubled or sardonic or indignant pieces by and about these writers that should startle a *Life* middle-class reader brought up on *Saturday Evening Post* or *Ladies' Home Journal* reading. On the other hand, *Life*, especially in recent years, has constantly exposed the religious purpose and thought of these writers to its readers. Waugh and Greene are its favorite reporters and analysts of Catholic doctrine and recent trends in Catholic thinking; Huxley has become its regular explorer of the occult; and a *Life* reader can become fairly well acquainted with Eliot's spiritual searchings and findings. The magazine has more recently awakened to the significance of Faulkner, but it would sooner or later, for it senses in Faulkner a seeker of absolutes, a tentative mystic, a romantic explorer of intuitions about man.

But in Hemingway *Life* had just what it wanted—a virile reporter of contemporary life and, in his late work, a philosopher of sorts with an aggressive, expansive philosophy, a kind of affirma-

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tion. And to find this combination in such a photogenic and news-making figure as Hemingway—what more could *Life* wish for?

From January 6, 1941, through July of 1955, *Life* published fifteen major pieces on or by Hemingway, more than it has given to any other literary figure (unless one includes the overseas reporting of writers like Hersey and Dos Passos, who can be considered staff members). At first it seemed content to follow Hemingway around his dangerous world with camera, observing his vacation in Sun Valley, his adventures in the Spanish war, his encounters with London's blacked-out taxis. But after the Second World War, itching to escape from the social realism of the depression era but wanting a more vigorous art than it thought it could get from the new breed of aesthetes, *Life* discovered in Hemingway the thinker-artist it had been seeking, as well as a gifted maker of colorful news. It began to murmur editorial approvals of Hemingway and to separate him from other "violent" or "brutal" writers like Mailer, Jones and Farrell. Moreover, it published critical articles by Chamberlain, Cowley and Aldridge, in all of which Hemingway fared very well, indeed became a kind of old master. It published a satirical picture-comparison of Hemingway's and Hollywood's "Snows of Kilimanjaro." And then the magazine began publishing Hemingway himself—a reprint of "The Killers" (1946), a maudlin box on Dietrich ("A Tribute to Mamma from Papa Hemingway"), numerous comments by Hemingway on his soon-to-be-published *Old Man and the Sea*, and finally the manuscript itself, accompanied by *Life*'s fulsome praise.

Life has, like most American critics of this generation, tried to understand and explain Hemingway. Acknowledging him as a master of style, it is much more impressed by what it believes his ideas to be. And these it has found quite to its liking. *Life* was pleased at Hemingway's social sympathies expressed by his espousal of the Spanish Loyalist cause, but was even more pleased at his drift away from political camps into a concern with universals—a region in which *Life* often seems to feel it has proprietary rights. And in the later Hemingway it finds a universal meaning that it likes. This it described in its commentary on *The Old Man and the Sea* as the recognition of evil and of man's ability to overcome it, at least in the sense of his never being persuaded to sue for peace, "the much

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greater story of human endurance and dignity in the face of savage opposition from fate and nature."

Moreover, in Hemingway as in Faulkner, *Life* has been able to find something that it likes to think of as peculiarly American—just *what*, *Life* never seems to have been able to decide. Maybe it boils down to this—that both were born in America and became famous and so could be boasted of as "American writers"; also, they have written about Americans and American places. But probably more important is the fact that they are not Europeans, like Greene, Huxley, Maritain and Undset, or Americans who, like Eliot, have in some ways closely linked themselves with European cultural patterns. *Life* obviously relished photographing Hemingway while he hunted red-bloodedly with his boys (Americans) in the American West, and it has been almost infatuated with the fact that Faulkner chose to stay in Oxford, Mississippi.

There is, however, something cosmopolitan and unprovincial about all these prime favorites of *Life*—Hemingway, Faulkner, Greene, Waugh, Eliot, Huxley—that refuses to fit into a conception of "American" feeling or spirit. Now *Life*, in literature as more obviously in the visual arts, has sought for something besides a special blend of idealism and observation: it has been particularly happy to come across literature that seemed to it to reflect American life and thought. From its earliest days *Life* seems to have asked that American literature reflect America—a purpose that may not appear to some readers consistent with its insistence on art and literature as revealers of *universal* truths.

The magazine has not been so insistent and consistent in its advocacy of an American literature as it has been in its twenty-one-year campaign for a characteristically American art; nevertheless, it has been specially contented with idealistic literature that was also American in both origin and tone. Often *Life* has shown itself to be bothered by its awareness that much American writing, especially fiction, has given a grim account of American life and thought. For example, in an editorial titled "Letter to a Fraulein" in its January 11, 1954, issue, it sadly acknowledged that American "fiction of merit" began "turning pessimistic" about seventy years ago, and it agreed with a German subscriber that there was a disparity between the Faulkner-Steinbeck America and the hopeful young Americans

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she had met in the Crusade for Freedom; it could only acknowledge that, after all, a novelist "speaks merely for himself" and suggest that there were a few good sunny novels—Rawlings' *The Yearling*, Davis' *Honey in the Horn*, Cather's *My Antonia*, and the novels of Tarkington (in *Life*'s opinion "a greatly underrated novelist"). And it suggested that the German reader turn to nonfiction—Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, *The Education of Henry Adams*, Benét's *John Brown's Body*, *The Sub-treasury of American Humor*, Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, Frederick Lewis Allen's *The Big Change*, and *The River and the Gauntlet*. When *Life* finds works that are vigorous and confident, or at least not intensely naturalistic or introspectively melancholy, it gives them its special kind of support without examining them closely for any coherent American view or artistry. And so it has given its blessing and much page space to Marquand, Wolfe, Sandburg, Benét, Stuart, Steinbeck and Thurber. Either as exponents of American "ideals" or as lively, undespairing reporters of the American scene, *Life* has been happy with such writers, who would, in its phrase, "re-create the variety of America anew."

Life has chosen to treat these writers mainly as reporters of American places, events and opinions. Marquand has been represented chiefly as a bit of old upper-class Boston and as the better side of American commerce. Sandburg has received loving consideration as a representative of something fundamentally American, something burly, rough, tender and honest that is held to have come out of the American Midwest and to be deeply creative. Sandburg as social commentator and lyricist has been subordinated to Sandburg the Lincolnian chronicler and Sandburg the colorful, colloquial bard, the literate countryman. Stuart, Steinbeck and Wolfe are treated as mirrors of local color. Stuart's Ozarks, Wolfe's small-town South, Steinbeck's "grapes of wrath" San Joaquin Valley —these are the aspects of men and works that the magazine has chosen to treat most fully. No deeper social criticism, psychological insight or formal artistic construction is noted or described to any extent in these writers. It would appear that the journal has, among the articles of faith which it wishes to propagate, the concept of American literature as peculiarly and generically American, and that it has chosen for its purpose those American authors whose

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most obvious subject or vocabulary is American. It has exploited that side of the author and almost or entirely neglected other aspects of his work. This, of course, inevitably results in some distortion—more in *Life*'s presentation of the expressionistic or philosophical side of a writer than in its account of his descriptive, naturalistic elements. One would hardly know from *Life* Steinbeck's bent for elaborate symbolism and his sophomoric love affair with life force or energy, or Wolfe's personal tensions and his criticism of his own social world.

Life does least violence to an America-reflecting author when that author himself considers his central task to be the depiction of American life and beliefs. Such a writer *Life* had in Stephen Vincent Benét, to whom the journal devoted many photographic essays, word essays and editorials in the late thirties and early forties. Benét dramatized American history, and this the editors of *Life* have always understood and been sympathetic with. They referred very frequently to Benét's poetic treatment of John Brown, and in their final tribute to him (April 5, 1943) they spoke of Benét as having traveled much in America and felt it all, as having kept his hand "a servant of the 'American Muse.' "

Life is also less given to remaking an author if he draws or paints, for then it can reveal the author through his visual expression. Thus the magazine has been able to present a writer-artist like Thurber or Bill Mauldin without unduly breaking him up into parts and then reassembling him in an incomplete piece.

What image of literature would a *Life* reader have gotten during the past decade—the period of its major turn to literary matters —if he read the magazine almost every week, nearly always went through its photographic treatments of literary subjects, and at least occasionally read a *Life* critical article or an original piece by Hemingway and the others?

He would have dipped here and there into literature of the past —a snippet of Boccaccio, a sonnet of Petrarch, a Toynbee reference to a Greek tragedy—but his *Life* education in literature of past generations would have been fragmentary and unorganized, much more so than his *Life* education in the art of the past.

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But he would have had the chance to become rather well-acquainted with the appearance and personal habits of most well-known authors of Western Europe and America (not of Russia, Asia or Spanish America), very newsworthy writing men such as Hemingway, Shaw and Saroyan, but also less headlinish personalities such as Maritain, Cronin, Guareschi, Engle and Traven. And, through the selective screen of *Life*'s taste, he would have come to know something of the works and ideas of a very mixed company. *Life* had given him an enthusiastic introduction to Hemingway, Faulkner, Benét, Marquand and Steinbeck as spokesmen for a virile, confident America; to Maugham as the skillful literary craftsman; to Orwell, Dos Passos, Koestler, Priestley and Michener as political thinkers and observers; to Eliot, Greene, Faulkner, Aldous Huxley, Schweitzer, Toynbee, Waugh and the Sitwells as intellectuals who had turned from a dominantly secular concern to a variously colored nonmaterialism. In *Life*'s diverse forms of literary comment the reader would have encountered considerable interest in the American Midwest and South as seedbeds of creative ability, also in Catholic and Calvinist doctrine as held and expounded by contemporary intellectuals. He would, if impressionable and if not exposed to contrary views, feel that American writing had been especially original and imaginative in the teens and twenties, that during recent decades American writing had been more pessimistic than the facts of modern American life warranted, that perhaps this could not be helped but that it was regrettable, that there were signs, here and abroad, of a turning away from primary concern with the reporting of cold fact. Most surprisingly, he would have been continually exposed, in this "everyman" sort of journal, to the view that literature can have intellectual content and that it merits serious attention and analysis, along with movies, airplane design, fashions, the female breast and the Iron Curtain.

It is not the intention of this essay to suggest just what and how much effect this kind of *Life* content has had on its users; that merits investigation of a kind different from mine. It should be clear, however, that the functioning of a popular, mass journal in this manner is a new phenomenon, one that challenges speculation

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on the potential effects of such a performance, particularly if other journals should follow suit.

Life, a highly successful journal in terms of circulation and advertising, has persisted for almost two decades in a policy of giving considerable attention to "serious" writers—writers with metaphysical, ethical, epistemological and aesthetic concepts and with awareness of their work as art—and it has not ignored their ideas or their artistry. Furthermore, in its presentation of most writers, including less intellectually or artistically significant writers—Ernie Pyle, Lloyd Douglas, Kathleen Winsor, and so forth—it has paid attention to the intellectual, cultural and social significance of fads and trends in modern writing and publishing. In this respect it remains in the company of the *Saturday Review*, *New Republic*, *Harper's* and *Partisan Review*; it asks its readers to look to the poets, novelists, dramatists and critics for clues to modern life and thought. And like most serious critical journals, *Life* has developed a point of view and interprets modern life and literature in terms of it.

One will, of course, find mixed in with the magazine's intellectual content all sorts of matters extraneous to literary content and form—a great deal of the trivial and the merely sideshow (an amusing sideshow, and important in the way all sideshows can be important). This is inevitable. *Life*, if it is to remain in a state of huge circulation and economic health, must continue to offer all sorts of material that will be interesting and comprehensible to vast numbers of people who seldom, if ever, read books. But *Life*'s insistence on being an agent of uplift in literature, as well as in all the other arts, has kept it from dropping the role of analyst and judge. One may seriously question the relevance of the evidence or the soundness of logic behind its critical judgments, but he cannot deny the existence—and the frequency—of such critical evidence, argument and judgment in the ubiquitous *Life*. And those of us who may be concerned with the flow of ideas in society ought not to dismiss too easily the possibility that *Life*'s literary criticism may, for better or worse, be affecting the thinking and reading habits of people whom the organs of more elevated intellectual tone would never reach.

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A Chance to Tinker to Evans

JACQUES BARZUN

THE PUBLICATION SOME MONTHS AGO of a *Dictionary of American-English Usage* purporting to be a revision of Fowler compelled me, in these pages, to disabuse readers of their hopes: no guide to modern American usage as yet existed.

But it was generally known that Bergen Evans, the popular TV performer and professor of English at Northwestern, was completing just such a guide. His chance to produce the work needed for the next quarter of a century had not been taken away from him by Margaret Nicholson's unwise attempt, the latest among several by various hands. Fowler still remained the unapproached model, rich in suggestion as to form and contents, itself a guide to guides on this most mercurial of subject matters. Indeed, everything favored Mr. Evans' enterprise of rejuvenation and Americanization: the errors of his predecessors, his solid academic background, his lifelong concern with language, and the cultivation of that interest in numerous written and broadcast performances of high merit.

The Evans *Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, which is now at hand and in which the author collaborated with his sister Cornelia, is a larger work than either the original Fowler or its recent transformation. It has the size and shape of a collegiate desk dictionary, and the first noticeable thing about it is that it combines several functions. Besides discussing matters of usage, it gives instruction in the fundamentals of grammar, does some of the work of a book of synonyms, makes frequent sallies into pure and historical lexicography, and warns *ad nauseam* about clichés.

In doing these things the volume is undoubtedly useful; the articles are clear and competent, some entertain while they instruct,

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and most of them direct the reader in a pleasantly assured tone of voice. Marked preferences are not only unavoidable in advice about usage, they are the essence of that advice; so it is important that the expression of preference should be *someone's*. Reasons and examples may come from all quarters, but what we want is a judgment having the force of a single, recognizable mind. Thanks to this decisiveness, such articles in the present *Dictionary* as "Accent," "Big, Great, Large," "Can, May," "Cohort," "Constructive Criticism," "O.K.," "Only," "Proportion," "Which," are excellent in their kind—and I have not exhausted the list.

But when full credit has been given for what is apposite and true in these 567 large pages, one has the right and even the duty to point out that the program announced by the title and followed here and there among the entries is not thoroughly carried out, and is at other points badly executed. In other words, we have here another miscellaneous handbook for students and editors; we lack the small classic that writers, as well as students and editors, need on American usage.

To be sure, no two writers who tackled the subject would produce the same table of contents, let alone establish the same point of view. But individuality would not matter if the central issues of the moment were discussed. To do the job, however, any author would be bound by its magnitude to omit much of what the aspirants so far have frivolously spent space on. Usage implies common forms, hence remote technicalities must be excluded. The Evans book tells us what plurals to use for *lemma* and *vinculum* and other such words. I submit that any writer who wants to use them will know what to do in the plural, or will have on his shelves the appropriate dictionaries.

And while we are invited to run after lemmas like lemmings, we are left unguided about the use of such words and expressions as: *claim, connive, up until, very pleased, concept* (for *conception*), *bad* and *badly, fruition, careen* (for *career*), *center* (in? on? about?), *degree* (to a . . .), *graceless, -ion* and *-ness* in common pairs, *self-deprecating, comprise* and *compose, flammable,* and hundreds of others encountered in any periodical.

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Besides words and expressions, there are new habits and turns of phrase to be passed on, of which perhaps the most culpably neglected is the vanishing *the*, as in: "Appointment of Mr. John Burke was announced last night by. . . ." This usage, which has spread from caption and headline to text, goes with the extinction of verbal noun forms: "Not for deposit of mail," say the post-office storage boxes on our streets. Few feel the absence of *the* in front of *deposit*, though the *of* yearns for it; and fewer still recall that "not for depositing mail" would be the more natural and idiomatic, less stuffy form. The noun plague is endemic and incurable, but how far is Chinese juxtaposition to go in English? I read in the New York *Times*: "He was convicted of trying to sell documents and diagrams *on handling* of atomic weapons"; and, presaging the abolition of another particle: "Pontiff Says Widows Ought *Not Remarry*."

These are but a few of the problems that our ever more wildly masticated tongue presents to the speaker or writer who knows that heedless change can be very costly. It is one thing to be baffled by Chaucer; it is another to find Mark Twain quaint and W. S. Gilbert archaic. The desire to conform to good usage to the extent that usage can be codified is a social virtue and a sign of civilized instincts.

It is because emotion is thus involved that most writers about usage necessarily give advice about tone and style. The Evans *Dictionary* does this freely, though from no consistent point of view and with too little feeling for nuance. The authors' chief source of worry seems to be clichés. But what they call clichés ranges from common phrases to trite quotations, and the advice repeatedly given that we avoid them all is in fact harmful. To mark with equal reprobation *wear and tear, tilting at windmills* and *more in sorrow than in anger* because all three are "hackneyed" is to be blind to distinctions upon which good writing depends. Years ago Dermot Morrah took to task for this same error the so-called *Dictionary of Clichés* compiled by Eric Partridge.

The truth is that one could avoid every one of the many "clichés" listed and belabored by the Evans *Dictionary* and still write with a hackneyed pen. The authors do so themselves a number of times, as

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when they refer to someone as *cheerfully unaware* or characterize a phrase as *the darling of the pompously ignorant.* Clichés lodge in the attitude as much as in the word. Moreover, dozens of their bugbears are in reality phrases that have the value of technical terms. They *must* be used if one is to be brief and unmistakable at the same time, e.g.: *sour grapes, cold blood, high and dry, good Samaritan, Pickwickian sense, crossing the Rubicon, cry wolf* or *cold shoulder.*

Next to the authors' wholesale condemnation of the common, I deplore their vacillation about the exactitude that is uncommon. Whoever sets out to find out what's what on any subject is bound to acquire some special information and should bear the burden without shuffling. Mr. Bergen Evans is learned in many things; he ought not to shrug this off at the expense of his principles and pretensions. Why, having ascertained that "the Court of St. James's" is the official and historically accurate form, go on to say that "the extra *'s* serves no purpose except to display the erudition of those who employ it"? At that rate why bother to tell us that the London insurers are "Lloyd's, not Lloyds or Lloyds' "? What's an apostrophe among friends when they are all plain men, with no nonsense about historical accuracy in their minds?

The reader who will have noticed in the *Dictionary* the little touches of antisnob snobbery and the gratuitous jabs at the quaint ideas of "nineteenth-century literary gentlemen"—we are so final, we nonliterary guys of the twentieth—will find a summary of the authors' ambivalent thoughts in the article "Purist," where it is said that a purist is a person with "an exaggerated respect for grammatical niceties" and "a touch of the pharisaical." Perhaps so; but to our surprise we read that these characteristics have "led lesser men to use the term *purist* as a reproach . . . this is unjustified, for the careful craftsman should be admired." And it soon turns out that the subject of this contradiction hardly exists: "Most of those who pose as purists have very little knowledge of English or any other grammar. . . . The true purist is informed. He follows general principles and is consistent in his criticisms. If he objects to *who*

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are you looking for? he will also object to *whom shall I say is calling?* . . . It would be refreshing to meet a true purist."

In the absence of the craftsman-exaggerator-pharisee, one can turn to Fowler's own article on purism. There the nervous American will see that an informed grammarian and good craftsman has (by definition) no exaggerated respect for anything, but knows how relative purity is, and in what terms to disparage the pharisaical: "Every man is potentially a purist and a sloven at once to persons looking at him from a lower and a higher position in the scale than his own. . . . Readers who find a usage stigmatized as purism have a right to know the stigmatizer's place in the purist scale, if his stigma is not to be valueless."

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I Wander Lonely in the Crowd

JOHN ATHERTON

I wander lonely in the crowd
That drifts through Rye, or Forest Hills,
Dressed in flannel, not too loud,
Seeking out consumer thrills.
Alas, no group of peers can guess
Such other-directed blessedness.

My father, led by inner light,
Never bought what others bought;
He made his gin at home, at night,
For inner peace was what he sought.
Such selfishness is not expected
In groups consumer-oriented.

Bland mass-producers work for me,
Externalized is every choice;
In a personalized society
No one can heed the inner voice.
My thoughts are shaped by Riesman, Denney—
That is, when I indulge in any.

My children, molded by the crowd,
Are well-adjusted, friendly, gay;
No deviation is allowed
For aberrations never pay.
They wander, too, like you and me,
Through current anthropology.

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"Conservatism" Today

ERIC L. McKITRICK

RECENTLY I WAS STRUCK BY A FULL-PAGE ADVERTISEMENT in one of our leading newspapers, promoting "the New Conservatism" as a "dynamic creed for tomorrow." I also remember thinking that the group which financed it might better have saved its money for some other purpose. I don't mean to impeach conservatism. Indeed, there is no longer very much doubt that the "new conservatism" represents something real and, for that matter, "new"—and perhaps even "dynamic." But if it does have value as a term for identifying something, I think it would be missing the point to use it as a kind of "creed" that one is supposed to "believe in." The new conservatism seems to represent something rather more basic, and thus beyond manipulation: it is not so much a shift of ideology as a transformation in style—a very widely shared style of thinking and behavior which is likely to become more or less permanent, and which no amount of promotion can do much either to advance or to impede. It represents a shift of attitude away from many of the older standards of individualism, and toward a greatly heightened perception of the institutional side of American life. There are any number of behavior patterns typical of the postwar scene that seem explainable in no other way.

Assuming the new conservatism as something of a fact, it might be worthwhile to try locating its origins, to touch on the conditions that appear to sustain it, and finally, to say more specifically what it is.

There are at least two kinds of phenomena that came into prominence in the early 1950's which ought to be ruled out in advance on the grounds of their not being really "conservative" at all, or perhaps at the most, only marginally so. One of these was the

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appearance of what Daniel Bell and others[1] have very properly called the "radical right"—a manifestation which reached its extreme in our political life at the time of the Korean War, and whose decline was probably marked by the symbolic sterilization of Senator McCarthy. This was the product of certain kinds of strain which are now considerably eased but which at their height made for a tremendous amount of anxiety, bitterness and aggressive tension. The primary strain was undoubtedly produced by our new and by no means welcome role in world affairs. When one compares the two major occasions when the country has had choices of this sort to make, it seems the more remarkable that after totally rejecting a role of leadership following the First World War, we should so unquestioningly accept such a role in the wake of the Second World War. But this very contrast between the two occasions should also warn us that the choice could not possibly have been made painlessly. For the country to have moved in the direction it did—even though recognizing its necessity—without paying a heavy psychological price was more than could be expected. Upon this situation was superimposed another set of strains. These were the strains of sudden prosperity upon groups whose response to it took the form of status-anxieties of a most agonizing sort. Among such groups were the new postwar rich (the Midwestern real-estate operator, the Texas oil baron and the like) whose efforts to discover suitable standards for themselves, in the face of the older and more respectable ones represented by the East, produced behavior which was often wildly neurotic, and which led them in a number of instances to take up connections which were highly questionable. Other such groups contained people of second- and third-generation immigrant working-class origins who had been propelled suddenly into middle-class respectability, and whose new positions made it seem crucially pressing that they assert the completeness of their "Americanism" in the most extravagant terms. The very real problem of these people was that of *locating* themselves in society—of being sure just who they were and where they really belonged. It was a problem of

[1] See Daniel Bell, ed., *The New American Right* (1955), for a most illuminating symposium of independently written essays, all converging with remarkable unanimity on the same object.

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simplification—and this amid the erupting confusions of "One World."

These were the major lines that converged upon the person of Joseph McCarthy and upon the aggressive techniques which he and his spiritual confreres seemed to offer for the processing of all such tensions. The aggressions, as we well recall, were vented upon a bugbear compounded of the most curious elements: the Ivy League, the Eastern "aristocracy," culture, Wall Street and the UN—all somehow shot through and through with communism, and all apparently symbolized in the person of Dean Acheson. At any rate, if anything like a specific program could be identified as coming out of this movement, it would hardly be called conservative. For it involved violent attacks upon our most respected institutions; it called for radical constitutional innovations (of a most dangerous sort) for altering the conduct of our foreign policy; and it threatened, or seemed to threaten, some of the most ancient and traditional liberties of the citizen. In short, if one may speak of conservatism at all in this connection, its triumph came not with McCarthy's rise but with his downfall. This, by now, has come to be more or less generally understood.

There is, however, another manifestation which one should be equally unwilling to consider as conservative in the most serious sense. This is the appearance of a kind of "philosophical" expression of conservative principles, as represented in the work of such writers as Russell Kirk, Peter Viereck and Clinton Rossiter. There is nothing bad or pernicious about the intellectual effort to discover, in a sympathetic spirit, the meaning of conservatism. That, I hope, is what is being done here. But the project of *American* intellectuals for working out a programmatic credo of conservatism within the framework of philosophy pushes the effort beyond the limits which their own cultural past affords, and carries with it the most awkward and paralyzing difficulties: it involves the appeal to a "tradition" which is simply not there.

What I have in mind is the fact that conservatism as a mode of thought respectable enough to justify formal philosophical expression has never in the past had very organic connections with the

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problems of this country and this culture. With Europe it has been different: the thoughts of Burke, Maistre, Metternich, Newman and the rest were real enough responses to stresses that arose *there*, and as such they remain instructive enough for us or for anyone interested in the rich European past. But then to try making parallels with American experience is really straining the connection much too far, especially when it comes to placing men like John Randolph, Alexander Hamilton, John C. Calhoun and John Adams in the same tradition, one in which they have very little business. For the *parallels* between American political and cultural development and those of Europe, as we are now beginning to discover, are infinitely less instructive than are the profound and dramatic *contrasts*. The most illuminating insights now being produced about the nature and strength of our culture are being based on the assumption of its uniqueness.

Historically, as a matter of fact, our society at large has not been a conservative one at all; if anything, it has been "liberal" in all senses, including the classic one, and its principal feature has been the very dynamic and unconservative quality of expanding capitalism. Our political system has functioned as the chief agency for imposing enough stability upon these dynamic elements simply to keep them, in their very energy, from shaking the system apart. The concern of our politics and politicians (and this includes Alexander Hamilton) typically has been not that of slowing down the speeding express but rather of keeping it on the track. And the published works of these men—which nobody reads anyway—give us very few clues as to how they did it. The kind of conservatism which all this represents would hardly be recognized by the giants of European thought to whom our native philosophers appeal. The watchword may be "tradition," but it is quite a drawback if we are never sure just whose traditions are being invoked. The present-day American may, if he wants, declare himself philosophically and ideologically a conservative, as he is urged to do, say, by Mr. Viereck. But one shrinks from that kind of explicitness, if only because it represents an acutely sharp break with the past. If a conservative attitude does exist in this country—and it now appears that one

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does—what we really ought to be asking about is the soundest way of locating its sustaining force: is it to be found in philosophical principles imported from Europe or in a set of emerging perceptions about the nature and workings of American society?

The true new conservatism—in small letters—has a more organic connection with the American past than either of these two things I have touched on, than either the "radical right" or "philosophical conservatism." It probably does not so much involve drastically new ways of doing things as a shift of awareness in relation to things we have always done. It seems rather more, as I said at the beginning, a matter of style. And indeed, its very effectiveness (if it can be said in a whisper) depends on not talking about it too much. It is better simply to point to it. What it apparently adds up to is a much expanded sensitivity to the institutional side of life rather than to the naked and uncorrupted individual facing the wide-open world. Some have deplored this trend as a kind of "groupishness" which is breaking down the autonomy of the free individual. This may be, though there are other ways of looking at it; but perhaps in any case something is gained if the "free individual" in this country is robbed at last of a little of his innocence. For a heightened awareness of institutional arrangements, of how they function and how they affect the lives of people involved in them, of a willingness on occasion to manipulate them for specific changes and limited ends, in preference to the more flamboyant but often less effective and less predictable techniques of the all-out crusade[2]—all this represents a sophistication acquired in relatively recent times and comes with the ripeness of what is now in its own right a very long and very stable history. A sharpened preoccupation with institutions does have, if one wishes, its conservative side; for it appears that the very concern with how they work (which is currently claiming much of our energy) has temporarily displaced the grander concerns of whether they should or shouldn't exist.

This awareness is to be seen currently on two planes: on the

[2] One ought not to forget that McCarthyism was, among other things, a *crusade* and that it was not killed by a countercrusade. The "launching site" from which it was finally shot to earth was the unspectacular but very effective institutional prerogatives of the United States Senate.

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plane of our intellectual life, and perhaps more significantly, in patterns of behavior among Americans at large—behavior not basically or necessarily intellectual in its purpose. This is the level which must meet the test of whether or not the new conservatism has more than passing meaning. Here is where we must finally look to see whether or not it has a solid basis.

But first, a word or two about the activity in some of the intellectual spheres—activity on the part of men who do not consider themselves primarily philosophers and who do not go about calling themselves conservatives. Those whose work is having the most fruitful effect appear to be men with not only a keen concern for the detail of this or that sector of the social and political scene, but also with an almost gustatory sense of the total culture that supports it. They are men with no ideological case to make, and this very freedom from the claims of philosophy has a great deal to do with the mobility of their minds. No one can help being impressed, for example, by the manner in which David Riesman's appreciative eye has peered into what goes on in our board rooms, our schools, our courtrooms and our family life, and by the things he has told us about our automobiles, our sports, our movies and the aspirations of our college graduates. It may be that Mr. Riesman's fascination with the concrete is not immediately conducive to abstractions; but here the work of Robert K. Merton, who has quietly dropped most of the classic European categories of social analysis, is offering us theoretical approaches in sociology which are beautifully adapted to the peculiar conditions of American life. His clues, for instance, to what the political machine has done for our politics could never have been conceived by the subtlest of his European colleagues. Walter Lippmann, in the afternoon of a long career, has come fully into his own as a commentator on public policy; and, if only for his analysis of what was really at stake in the 1952 election (the stability of the party system), he deserves at last our recognition as the foremost political intellectual of his time.[3] Our psychology, with the

[3] In citing the case of Walter Lippmann, I may seem to be contradicting myself, for he has indeed recently made a foray into what he calls "philosophy." I regret to say, however, that it is precisely in this realm—I refer to his book *The Public Philosophy*—that his efforts seem to have been least happy and least illuminating.

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long thrusts made by the late Harry Stack Sullivan, has taken to looking less and less into the depths of our souls, and more and more into the external conditions which support and guarantee our psychic balance—a shift of emphasis away from Freudian definitions of neurosis and toward others made necessary by the difficulty that individuals have frequently had in locating themselves amid the uniquely fluid conditions of American life. The connections which the historian Richard Hofstadter has made with these and other insights have been of much assistance in bringing new energy into the study of American history. And finally, in the area of literary criticism, it seems to have been Lionel Trilling, much in advance of anyone else, who has best come to see the limits of "depth analysis" in understanding an item of literary art, as opposed to the advantages of placing that item in the cultural setting which gave it its original vitality.

I could not say exactly what has led me to point to these figures in particular or to group them in such a manner to make my point, except that in every case their contributions seem to have made deep connections with so much of what one has always known, though never quite explicitly, about the special quality of one's American surroundings. They have spelled out our knowledge of what is not only emerging but continuing ("traditional," to use the language of conservatism) in those surroundings. The keynote is *recognition*: a more brilliant elaboration of the obvious, coming all at once, has never before been seen among us in the life of the mind. But, returning to a previous point, to ask any of these men to avow himself a "conservative," when so few precedents exist for it, would be not only unnecessary but disruptive and inhumane. And they would all, I am sure, be scandalized.

Now it would be hard to account for this intellectual activity simply in terms of itself alone. It ought to have its *non*intellectual counterpart in the behavior of great numbers of Americans today. And beyond that, this sharpened awareness of the institutional aspects of contemporary life—as a total phenomenon reflected both in thought and in action—must itself be explained. It must be accounted for as something more than chance. Its impetus must be

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found in some widely shared experience which has been undergone at some time during the past generation.

One writer has suggested that the new conservatism has its origins in the New Deal period. There is a good case to be made here: with the New Deal came a wide mobilization of effort to conserve the vitality of certain key traditional arrangements which seemed on the point of breaking down—and along with the resulting attention to technique came necessarily a keener sense of function. And yet it has to be said that the New Deal, taken simply in itself as a focus for public perceptions about the nature of society, left also a certain legacy of confusion. To be given point, the diffused quality of the New Deal experience had to be added to something else—and this something else was the Second World War. Here was a total and unequivocal mobilization of national energy. In the course of it, millions of Americans had acted out before them the spectacle of their key institutions working at top efficiency; and seldom had their own relationship to those institutions, on such a scale, been more immediate and more real. The institutions did not let us down; on the contrary, rarely if ever had we been faced with a more complete demonstration of the sources of our national power and how they worked. This was an experience whose profundity will not be fully plumbed for another decade or more. But its radioactive fall-out, as it were, has already produced a good many mutations of style in thought and in action.

I would like to explore a few random examples of the kind of conservative—or institution-conscious—behavior which has become so notable today, even on the part of millions of people who have no very precise idea what conservatism really means and no very pressing need to know.

One such example has to do with contemporary political behavior, especially that of our urban and suburban citizenry. Today the so-called independent voter represents something rather different from what he represented a generation ago. He has come to recognize that our political universe is not likely to collapse if either Democrats or Republicans get in; but this is not necessarily a commitment to nonpartisanship (which has its limits) so much as a

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commitment to the system as a whole, and a determination to obtain the best that there is in it. Nonpartisanship in the past tended to carry with it the sense that the Organization—Democratic or Republican—existed as an obstacle to the most effective and high-minded civic action. Now it implies that the existence of two parties in competition—and the effort to keep them that way—tends to guarantee the permanence of a whole range of the things which are appropriately accomplished through political action. The people knew in their bones that an Eisenhower administration would not undermine the New Deal, but would in fact extend it; and by the same token they felt no compunctions about taking President Eisenhower's Republican majority away from him in 1954, with no necessary reflection on the President. What they wanted was balance—a balance delicate enough to bring a responsiveness to the system that would enable it to transact business with a minimum of fuss. Conceivably, as a permanent thing this would not be the best of all possible arrangements. But for now it does indicate an acceptance of the system as given, with no undue concern either for consistency of party choice or for the kind of "independence" that invokes a plague on both your houses.

Sophistication on the local level is even more notable, for the mushrooming of suburban developments in the postwar era and the range of community problems that accompanied them in their early, messy stages sent hosts of previously passive citizens into public activities political and quasi-political in their nature. When a man affiliates with the local party organization—as precinct captain or what not—he is in effect making connections with what used to be called the Machine—the bogey of all civic virtue. But his loyalty to it, as he has discovered, need not involve loyalty to a set of principles (conservative or otherwise), but rather to an institution, suited by tradition to the achievement of numerous specific ends.

A second example concerns the present-day concept of career and the relationship it has to the most characteristic institution of American capitalism, the corporation. The career idea of today involves a greatly extended sense not only of what one does but the conditions under which one does it. "Youth" in, say, 1910 was told

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that the world was his: a very open, but also in a sense very blank, view of the future. He would be rich, but the future was populated with figures and things that had to remain in a state of dimness for the idea of infinite possibility to keep its hold. It was terribly abstract, and the thing that had to go with it was a willingness to devote tremendous energies to work: work, and all would come to you. Youth today, as David Riesman tells us, does not think this way. The young man in the graduating class of 1955, in discussing his future, showed a knowing willingness to project very concretely not only the phases of his career but also its limits, and his conception included not only his path of ascendancy but also the style of life appropriate to each stage of it. He had a pretty specific image of the kind of house and neighborhood he would live in, the wife he would marry, the number of children he would have, and the church, civic and political affiliations he would take up.[4]

This kind of thing, of course, has its liabilities, and we hear the oddest kinds of people joining their voices with that of the old-time executive in deploring the loss of the old-time spirit. Ambition in pure form has become adulterated with a lamentably conservative care for "fringe benefits." But it can also be looked at in another way. Career is now being conceived as only one aspect of a person's life, and with it has come an almost European appreciation of what the succeeding stages of life can bring in the way of personal fulfillment, not only inside but outside the realm of immediate business. This may, on the whole, be a better preparation for retirement than the one which requires the relearning of many of life's lessons after it is too late. Indeed, the corporations themselves are quite aware of what has happened; they should be, for they themselves have had their hand in shaping the new attitude. They understand that they are, after all, its institutional guarantee, and they are not unwilling to assume the implications of that responsibility. In the recruitment of engineers, for instance, teams now descend upon our campuses with competing visions of fleshpots, and the boys are being blandished with an almost indecent array of "fringe enjoyments."

[4] See David Riesman's article, "The Found Generation," THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Autumn, 1956.

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In any case, there is nothing like full employment and high profits for sustaining *this* kind of conservatism.

My final example of institutional involvement has to do with the back-to-church movement which has assumed such proportions all over the country. This is possibly the point at which the concept of conservatism may, after all, be of least service to us as a carrier of insights. For it is difficult to know whether the institutional consequences of this movement will turn out in the long run to be conservative at all. The resumption of religious life by many American families has been an effort both to achieve a style of fellowship with members of their community that is attainable in no other way, and to realign themselves with a very old cultural and moral tradition.

But a curious result of the process is that it is having, as might have been predicted, a two-way effect. For as more and more of the secular public come flocking to the institutional sanctuary of religion, that very institution is finding itself of necessity becoming more and more secularized. The very genial aspects of the movement have up to now served to obscure the acute strains being set up within it, and to obscure the fact that in the clergy we have a class whose problems of function and role are being systematically overlooked by the culture at large. We are beginning to hear about problems having to do not only with recruitment and training but also with overwork and, most significantly, with actual psychic disturbances—of all things—among ministers of the gospel.

It is important to see that this is a product not directly of expansion but of secularization. It is the consequence of confusion on the part of the laity as to just what they really expect of their clergy, and of still more confusion on the clergy's part as to what is and should be their own role in the emerging order of things. Should they be psychiatrists? marriage counselors? sociologists? athletic directors? business agents? Should they become, perhaps, more like their parishioners, and thus perhaps less like themselves? There is a vague sense somewhere that maybe they *ought* to, but nobody has much notion as to what should be the terms or the appropriate style.

What everyone wants is a clearer focal point from which the

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minister (who is after all a minister and thus limited in the number of other specialties he may cultivate) can operate effectively in his role, whatever the fringe activities it may involve. But I should think that the clue for finding it can be traced back to the reasons for the lay influx into the church in the first place. Whatever demands the laity make on their clergyman, they do not, if they only knew it, want him to loosen his hold on the one base that gives his role full legitimacy. The assurance or lack of assurance with which he grasps that role has a lot to do with the clarity with which *they* are getting cues for their own behavior—insofar as it has a religious dimension. A basic thing that the laity are trying to define and stabilize in their own minds—and have not as yet quite found the terms for expressing—is the role of their clergy as men of God. It is the blurring of *this* role, rather than deficiencies in a half-dozen others, that has fuzzed the relation of clergy to laity and broken down the salutary distinctions between them.[5] The layman knows, and the clergyman knows, that the problem of belief, for instance, is for the moment—perhaps necessarily—being swept under the rug. On the whole it may be best that it not be brought out for full review just yet. But when it is, there will have to be an appropriate set of attitudes and an institutional setting ready to receive it in whatever new form it may emerge if it is to survive at all. If a transformed basis for belief does reappear out of all this, we will probably not recognize the moment of its reappearance, for we seldom go back to anything by the same road by which we left it. Perhaps it will solve itself, but I do not believe our laity want it done through milk and water. The leadership for it will not come from camp-meeting wizards or from public relations doctors, nor will it come from psychiatrists in shepherds' clothing. It will come, rather, from a tough-minded, perhaps rather Puritan crew of men with solid institutional moorings and a fair excess of what used to be called zeal.

The kind of thinking which I have tried to describe and exemplify is distinctly a phenomenon of the postwar fifties. Its style,

[5] In Judaism the problem is nowhere near this crucial, a formal balance between the rabbi's secular and spiritual roles having existed since ancient times.

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indeed, is in such striking contrast to that of the prewar thirties that there is hardly anyone functioning intellectually today who has not noticed it in one or another of its manifestations. As for the thinking of the thirties, if there is any single adjective appropriate for describing all that was vital in it—and much that was not—it would doubtless be the term "liberal." So it is only to be expected that a reverse label—"conservative"—should be sought for naming a mode of thinking which seems to challenge, indeed, to ignore, so many of the key assumptions of those years. Conservatism may be the best notation available for pointing to what is going on; and yet I cannot say that I am altogether happy with the term. The true energy of the thing is endangered by its name. One must recognize, moreover, that liberalism—though much of the thinking which it designated was soft and messy—has after all accumulated a vast amount of moral capital (tradition, by an odd cultural irony, is on its side), and I would think twice before downgrading its purity in favor of a *new* abstraction. Making an antithesis and transposing it into an ideological challenge, where nothing of the sort is really called for any more, will only repeat old mistakes, hold up progress and clog up the passage of new ideas. I am not trying to make paradoxes. I simply mean that there are a good many people around whose thinking is still anchored in the excitement of the thirties, and there is no need of goading them into being worse intellectual curmudgeons than some of them are already. Conservatism is still a red flag in many quarters and encourages a continued invocation of old-time liberal orthodoxies that yet retain much power. That is why the new conservatism—if it is not too late to say so again—is something that is best not talked about too much.

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In the Morning

HILLEL FRIMET

In the morning I walk with gladness,
my heart in joy at knowing
that he who walks carries his heart upright;
but in the night, when I lay my body down,
my heart lying down with me,
I have the sudden rememberance
that all my life is
between morning and night.

✪ During the last ten years, Hillel Frimet's poetry and prose have appeared in a number of publications, including THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. A long poem of his was published in the Autumn, 1957, *Black Mountain Review*. In 1950, Mr. Frimet published one issue of the magazine *Survival*.

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From a Writer's Notebook

VAN WYCK BROOKS

AS I ENTER THE ROOM IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, the first object that catches my eye is a colored print of Breughel's "Icarus," and it strikes me at once that this is a symbol of a young man's state of mind in the 1950's. Every generation has favorite pictures that symbolize its desires and fears, and this picture of a boy falling out of the sky in the presence of indifferent onlookers has obviously, in our time, a special meaning. Icarus, in any case, is a theme that fascinates our luckless age—the theme of two of the sculptures, for instance, in the Metropolitan Museum show of American sculpture in 1951. There Hélène Sardeau's "Icarus" reigned over the rest. Breughel's picture has been the subject of two German treatises in the last few years. It is also the theme of one of Auden's poems.

In this poem the ploughman on the bank unconcernedly goes on with his work while the boy who has lost his wings falls into the river. He "may have heard the splash, the forsaken cry," Auden says, "but for him it was not an important failure"; and to whom are such things important in an age of genocide when human life has become so expendable and cheap? There are no more parades for young men who are shipped off to war, nor does anyone think any more of calling them heroes in a world of existentialism in which all the great causes are dead, we are told, and the individual is lost in a universal Bigness. Big wars, big armies, big offices and bigger cities. The wings the boy has lost are now on the motorcars; and this is the age of the "hot rod kids" who say, "I'm going to die anyway. Who cares?"

* * *

The Irish poet James Stephens said that the trouble with American writers is, quite simply, that they "don't love words." I think

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there is some truth in this, and I wonder if the reason is that, in the matter of words, we are so "scientific." How could we share, if we wished it, the fine, careless rapture of the poets of prescientific times? For them, words were laden with associations that we, with our semantics, are driven to reject.

A Swiss professor says that "a kind of language consciousness appears to be more generally developed in America than elsewhere," leading to an extreme awareness of the "errors of verbal suggestion" and the misunderstandings caused by "verbal trappings." But how can any intense, wholehearted love of words survive this constant verbal skepticism? The love of words springs out of the unconscious. It comes from a long devotion to the language one inherits, and it cannot abide attempts to create new kinds of language or a too conscious scrutiny of the old kinds.

* * *

David Riesman has one of those minds that set one's own mind racing. In his field no writer since Veblen has been so exciting. But he is one of the writers who "don't love words," and sad indeed, in his case, are the consequences. His three great categories, "tradition-directed," "inner-directed" and "other-directed," have opened an era in sociological thinking, but two of these phrases are ungrammatical, unless I am mistaken, and barbarous from a rhetorical point of view. And what unhappy metaphors he constantly uses—"overlaid with swings of fashion," "harnessed to the same mobility drives" and "energies channelled by the rich into their leisure budget." For what purpose do we pursue the study of language when our most perceptive minds abound in this jargon?

* * *

One must take Veblen with more than one grain of salt. People are always willing today to credit a mean motive, but find it difficult to credit a magnanimous one, and Veblen has contributed to form this frame of mind. Consider what he said of "conspicuous waste" and think at the same time of Mary Magdalen's box of precious ointment. Could anything have been more conspicuous, and was it waste? Then I remember Charles Beard's love for large, airy, spacious rooms that might also have been called wasteful, and

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conspicuously so. For no one really needs any such thing. Charles Beard was an admiring colleague of Veblen, but John Stuart Mill interprets for us Beard's far from Veblenian feeling about this matter. Mill had found, as he says in his autobiography, that a grand and spacious room can have an enlarging effect upon the mind. "There is nothing like space. It enlarges the ideas," said old Prince Saracinesca in the well-known novel; and of how much this is true that is sometimes called waste.

* * *

What is becoming of the useful and harmless adverb *well*? "I'm pretty *good* off" and "I can't see you *good*" are established phrases in American fiction now that Hemingway and Faulkner so often use them. A supposedly educated man in Faulkner's *The Wild Palms* says, "I shaved this morning but not good," a usage that is so far the rule in Hemingway's interviews, at least, that readers have almost ceased to notice it.

How much in this way is the American language mere disintegrated English? It does not make me happy to hear that a professor has been driven to write, and is able to write, a book called *Who Killed Grammar?* In this he speaks of the "anything goes" school of teaching, and I agree with him that "the world-wide use of English imposes obligations on teachers." But how far can teachers prevail in the end when they are opposed by the two most famous living novelists?

I remember a phrase of the painter John Sloan: "Any man who speaks English with care is suspected of being a fairy nowadays." But is this a good reason for pretending that one has no education?

* * *

Someone remarks in an English weekly that our poets are now all "dim," and for this I think he makes a plausible case. He attributes this dimness to Eliot's teaching. Eliot has taught them that it is better to be a good minor poet than a bad major one, a notion that, on the face of it, is obviously true.

Yet there is something wrong with this if one wants poetry that is not dim and poetry that is, at least occasionally, major; and is it not true that great work springs from great expectations, even

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if, almost always, these fall flat? The poets who used to invoke the muse did not ask that lady to encourage them to stay within safe limits, for they were not concerned with "middle flights." They wished, like Milton, to soar above the Aonian mount and asked the muse to support their "adventurous" song.

One could make the same point about human expectations at a time when everyone seeks the safe and sane, when the young are encouraged to look for security while they conform to known rules, taking no chances in the great out-of-bounds. But this will not do either if one wants a life that is not "dim" and great new leaders who can create a future. There were certainly many failures in the days when Plutarch's heroes were held up as models for the young; but there were great moral and intellectual successes also, and it was always said that nothing so stirred the young as to have large demands made upon them. Nobody knows what would have happened if Garibaldi had offered his men good berths, security and comfort, but it is certain that they flocked about him when, like Winston Churchill, he offered them toil and sweat, blood and tears. He offered "neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions," but "hunger, thirst, forced battles and death," adding, "Let him who loves his country in his heart, and not with his lips only, follow me."

In our shell-shocked postwar world it is natural that caution should prevail, with small expectations and demands, in both poetry and life; for enthusiasm and optimism have proved to be treacherous and our world does not encourage a feeling of adventure. How many of the young now "pant to be of age and then to plunge into the vague, uncharted fascinating future," as Bernard Berenson says he panted in his childhood when the world seemed open and friendly to every ambition? Feelings of this kind are not to be looked for in the America of our day, yet no one seems to like this "dreary time," this "dismal age," to use the phrases of two acute observers.

There are periods of low vitality, and this no doubt is one of them, when the human reservoir seems to be exhausted; and it is true that life only appears to have possibilities when the tide of vitality is high. But in times like ours it is all the more important

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not to lose the sense of the difference between the minor and the major.

* * *

Especially in a time like ours—a time of wars and rumors of wars—any suggestion of the easygoing is intolerable in a writer. To be bland is to be damned in the eyes of critics, whom geniality fills with a fury of contempt, for they share generally Baudelaire's dislike of the *style coulant*—the flowing style—that was beloved by his contemporaries Turgenev and Renan. T. E. Hulme set the tone of this epoch when he said, "Smoothness—hate it. This is the obsession that starts all my theories." Why Hulme came to feel this way is a question for a biographer, and it would be an interesting question to examine, but he struck a keynote of the coming time when he expressed this feeling at the outset of the First World War. For the flowing style, suggesting facility, and sometimes even salesmanship, is felt to be incompatible with a sense of the tragic; and a time of troubles, as Lewis Mumford says, requires, above everything, concentration. "Under these circumstances, every word that is uttered must be handed out sparingly, like the rounds of ammunition in a besieged fortress. . . . Only words that will enable [people] to command their energies more effectively have a right to be heard at such moments." At these times austerity becomes the mode in language, and the *style coulant* goes out with "romantic criticism."

* * *

Have there ever been such literary spoilsports as the formalist critics? I used to think that half the pleasure of being a Californian would be that one had come from Bret Harte's country; for, with all his occasional crudity, Bret Harte invested with magic the Sierras, the Bay of San Francisco and the Sacramento River. But could any such feeling survive, in the mind of a young Californian, the discipline of these academic, fashionable critics? They would condition him to see only the ways in which Bret Harte fell short of the formal virtues of the models they study, and all the magic he might have found in his storytelling countryman would die in

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a clatter of analysis and scientific prosing. How many literary windows these critics have closed! How much they have destroyed of the savor and flavor that literature has always imparted to society and life! Wherever we live we should cherish especially the writers who have added another dimension to the country that has chosen us or that we have chosen.

* * *

The Germans have destroyed their language "because they work in silence and because the life of literature is conversation." So John Jay Chapman once remarked, and is this not the trouble with the formalist critics, the new grammarians, who write in their esoteric magazines? I mean those whom Kenneth Burke calls the "critics-who-write-critiques-of-critical-criticism." Thanks to them, the larger the popular view of the world becomes—planetary or global, as one chooses to call it—the smaller becomes the horizon of the critical mind. For they make literary mincemeat of the greatest matters. They too work in silence, for one cannot imagine them reading aloud their wiredrawn cerebrations, nor can one imagine a woman listening to them. They are also too much the victims of the air they breathe. "University air, court air and such other bad and vitiated atmospheres that separate one from the free and sunny daylight of ordinary people must either be avoided altogether or at least breathed for short periods only." So said one of the writers of "Young Germany" in the days of Heine, and he might have been speaking with the formalist critics in mind.

* * *

The most serious charge that critics can bring against a writer nowadays is to say that he is naïve, and yet something like naïveté is rapidly becoming the one thing necessary for writers. Or perhaps the right word is ingenuousness, for I do not recommend the untutored, the too artless or provincial. What I do mean is the opposite of the kind of sophistical knowingness that chokes so much of the writing of this generation. The literary mind of our day reflects the general urban mind in being, in all respects, overconscious, while the mass influences of advertising, analysis, cosmetics and Kinsey reports have worn away its freshness and destroyed its bloom. In

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consequence it has lost the capacity for wonder that is so essential to the poet and the storyteller. What was it that accounted for Dylan Thomas' unique position among the younger poets of the time? Precisely that he had escaped the sophistication that has paralyzed the contemporary poetic mind. He seemed to be uniquely capable of both wonder and joy. The capacity for wonder presupposes a certain childlikeness that has lost its value today in both literature and life.

One of my correspondents wrote to me the other day that "the young writers of America are old and dangerous." From that frame of mind, how can writing emerge? When no one speaks of the heart any longer except as a physical organ, and few seem to know the difference between love and sex, what inevitably becomes of natural feeling? And without natural feeling there can be no wonder, the kind of wonder that gave Theodore Dreiser, banal and material as he was, the sense that, in life and the world, he was "a guest at a feast." He found wonderlands on all sides, in newspaper offices, in factory buildings, in shopgirls brushing their hair at open windows; and for his readers too this wonder invested with magic the spectable of everyday existence. It was this kind of ingenuousness that redeemed Dreiser—the gift of being surprised by things, of looking at the world "with eyes wide open in wonder," as Ortega put it.

The painter's innocence of the eye belongs in this way to the writer too, and how right Amiel was in saying, "The novelist must be ingenuous, at least when his pen is in his hand." For this innocence is the spring of all clear perception, and the question is "how to regain the naïve or innocent soul," as D. H. Lawrence said in one of his letters. "How to make it," he continued, "the man within the man—your 'societal'; and at the same time keep the cognitive mode for defences and adjustments and 'work.' " No one can tell how far writers are capable of this again until the gospel of knowingness has worn itself out, in criticism, in the general atmosphere that writers breathe. The ideal of the knowing man, which tends to dominate the modern writer, is altogether foreign to his true nature.

Mencius said that a wise man should somehow keep the childlike mind. What a rebuke that is to our tiresome American ideal of "sophistication."

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Strait Is the Gate

WILLIAM T. HASTINGS

TO WRITE OR SPEAK TODAY on the subject of college teaching requires some temerity. For a long time, and with increasing frequency and urgency, distinguished leaders in education have been setting forth the opportunities and the challenge in our profession. Nevertheless, I cherish the hope that since no two people—not even two college professors—are exactly like two eggs in their outer dimensions or the inner garments of the mind, I may give to familiar ideas enough individual coloring to avoid the infliction of boredom. I may possibly be lucky enough to startle by dissent from some currently accepted truth.

The world is in ferment, and America is now inescapably a part of the world; and the educational system, north and south, east and west, which is an integral part of America, is also in ferment. We oldsters, whose gradually slackening systole and diastole dislike sudden shocks and tensions, may look back regretfully to the quiet certainties in the years of our apprenticeship. But there is no evading the facts. These have been laid before us all in sufficient detail: the rapid and accelerating increase in the student population in school and college, the existing and worsening teacher shortage, the increasing difficulty of instruction—felt at all points, but especially in the colleges—when an increasing proportion of the students lack the environmental influences and the command of an agreed common body of knowledge which in my youth gave a college class in English or history a relatively homogeneous character.

Since this is America, the problem has been attacked with energy and ingenuity. The first need was money, and it is rolling in:

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from foundations, from local governments (by means of increased taxes), from the federal government and great corporations (though in both cases dictation is feared), from alumni and friends (who also exert their pressures). The millions in hand and in prospect have already ceased to dazzle us in this day of progressive inflation, much as references to billions of francs or lire are a commonplace in a devaluated Europe. The second need—and now we come near home—was personnel, mainly teachers. Hence, recruitment, which has two main phases. There is a drive for better salaries, which will raise teachers out of their classification with the clergy, though not up to bank executives and engineers, to say nothing of the learned professions of the law and medicine. Second, the opportunities and satisfactions in college teaching are given fresh emphasis. This is as it should be. Yet I hope—for the good of his soul—that the teacher will always be relatively Chaucer's "pore scolere." Also I have a fear that evangelistic techniques may in some cases mislead young people to think they have a "calling" when in sober fact they have not. Teaching is, or should be, a calling; but before responding to the call, one should clearly know what is involved, and whether the gate to Academia is actually swinging wide for him.

I ought, parenthetically, to make it clear that I am not being ironical about the "emergency." Certainly it exists; certainly we should do what we can to meet it. I may distrust many of the measures being proposed. I may personally repudiate many of the generalizations uttered by those who should know better: the assumption, for instance, that education in and for a democracy must be egalitarian and controlled by the needs of the mass intelligence, as Dr. Conant seems to suggest in speaking to the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools. I may sympathize with the decision of the University of Cambridge not to endanger its collegiate structure by further expansion and the parallel decision of some American colleges that they can best serve their country by raising their standards for admission and graduation instead of yielding to the temptation to "grow." But those battles must be fought elsewhere. My concern is with the individual college man facing the choice of a profession.

In entering upon the academic life one is exposed to some

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hazards, which may develop into liabilities. One should beware of tempting but second-rate motivations. It is not enough that to the shy or timid soul it offers, if moderate competence is established, shelter and security. To others, particularly those with social inclinations and enough money by inheritance or marriage, the temptation may be the prospect of a life of ease and an accompanying reputation for gracious living. Since college people are on the whole nice people, the social life on a campus can have much charm. It can, however, be disfigured by factions and jealousies, even at its best it can easily seduce one to dilettantism or inertia, and it can tempt one to showmanship in place of scholarship. In this Garden of Eden or of the Hesperides there are snakes and dragons: a trustee who objects to the textbook in economics, a president who lends color to the myth that all presidents are liars, a selfish department chairman, some bootlicking colleagues, a devil tempting one to mark easily in order to demonstrate one's effectiveness and popularity. A college, in short, is a world in little, with the complicating factor of intellectualism, which lends to dubious things a specious coloring of truth.

Furthermore, our normally idyllic picture is based upon the ideal environment of the smaller or older private institutions, mainly on the Eastern Seaboard. Many of them are going to be transformed in the next decade, and not all young teachers will come to rest in Princeton or Bowdoin or Bryn Mawr. In most institutions, private as well as public, staffs are going up from fifty toward two hundred, from two hundred toward a thousand. What this will mean is an inevitable application of objective (i.e., mechanical) standards of measurement in appointments, reappointments and promotions—an approach (with a somewhat different measuring stick, of course) to the techniques applied by boards of education to the "employees" in elementary and secondary schools. Already the teachers' colleges are offering their services to the universities for the "training"—how I hate the word except in reference to dogs, cheerleaders and fullbacks—the "training," I say, of college teachers; and with the "training" will come the "tests and measurements" of efficiency. Already, in the name of democracy, some institutions are beginning college education in the home by

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television (certainly mass education), with "personal contact" between student and professor in a fortnightly visit to the campus for "laboratory discussions." Another proposed device is "teacher aides," on the analogy of "nursing aides," whose employment will make it possible to increase greatly the "pupil load" of the teacher.

But even if all this paints too dark a picture, as I grant it does, you may well consider the rigid statements of the qualifications for appointment and promotion, discussed in such professional journals as the A.A.U.P. *Bulletin* and adopted with good intentions and more or less in self-defense by an increasing number of colleges: an A.M. for an instructorship; progress toward the doctorate for an assistant professorship and its attainment for reappointment; the doctorate and a substantial record of publications for an associate professorship and tenure; and for the jeweled crown of a professorship, continued publication, activity in faculty committees and professional associations, leadership in community services, and no indiscreet championing of unpopular causes. And at all "levels," of course, that intangible thing, good teaching. If asked what different procedure I would propose, I would reply that I do not know, though the prospect is not a lovely one. The ambitious youth who is confident of his powers and his predilection will fortunately not be deterred.

When the ardent and confident young man—if I fail to mention young women, it is only for convenience—has discounted the hazards and pitfalls of our profession, he still needs to consider whether his inclination toward the academic life is justified by his talents, tastes, convictions. In a negative way he has no doubt unconsciously done this. He knows he will not be guilty of the dull prolixity of Professor Polonius. He will not start Wednesday's lecture with a half-hour summary of Monday's or with ten minutes of jaunty comment on the morning's headlines. He will not time his utterance by the speed of the slowest mind in the class or change grammatical horses in the middle of every other sentence. He will not pin his whole discourse on the righthand back corner of the ceiling or on the squirming body of a single victim in the front row. Above all, he will avoid such fascinating recurrent mannerisms as the forththrust or uplifted hand, the thumb in the armhole, the

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constantly readjusted glasses, the watch chain with dangling Phi Beta Kappa key wound and unwound on the left forefinger, or those other, less seemly, by-products of a mind at work which we all recall with embarrassment.

Every youth also remembers some teachers with affection and scarcely qualified admiration. They contribute largely to the ideal which he has consciously or unconsciously set before himself. Let me suggest the features which I think should be included in that portrait of the ideal professor. Almost no one could possibly sit for such a portrait; but a composite photograph of all the servants of true learning on a college faculty would look something like this.

The first trait is bookishness. He would rather have at his bed's head, on and under the tables, piled in the corners, or wherever his wife will let them lie, twenty (or twenty times twenty) books, than radio revels or the far from gay psaltery of television. From boyhood he should have been an omniverous reader of real books of every kind. If at first trial some are too difficult to be chewed and digested, he will set them aside and return to them later on. If some great works of fiction present an un-Victorian view of life, they will do the normal boy no harm at all. If some historical works are parochial or chauvinistic, others will adjust the balance. If his introduction to science is by way of a trip to the moon with Baron Munchausen or twenty thousand leagues under the sea in the proto-submarine of Captain Nemo, he can supplement it by teaching himself from Gray's *Botany* how to analyze flowers, and start a collection. Wide reading by a curious, active and retentive mind lays the firm basis for a liberal education, that *sine qua non* of all college teachers.

In the phrase "curious, active and retentive mind" I am almost guilty of redundancy. For the youthful, quick mind is retentive of impressions, and curiosity is its driving force. But because in some people curiosity becomes rapidly narrowed or even atrophied, it deserves a little stress. Every teacher who becomes and remains a scholar has the lifelong desire for more knowledge, more understanding. Browning said his grammarian chose not to live but know. Would not the old man who settled *Hoti's* business have retorted that in the mind the pursuit of understanding is the breath

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of life? And would he not also have deplored the shortcuts and simplifications and superficialities by which today it is sought to compress the secrets of the cosmos into a two-year guided tour through a "core" of "general" education?

Our liberally educated young man who aspires to teaching will almost inevitably have a sense of proportion which will show itself both in modesty and in humor. He should also, whether his lot is cast among the humanities or the sciences, have the gift of tongues, that is, the ability to speak and write with clarity, precision and pungency. Though he have an understanding of all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not an individual and a cultivated utterance, it will profit him little in or outside the classroom.

He need not fear a neat and compact organization of his remarks. It may properly occur to him to open with an arresting sentence, provided it is germane, and he may end with an epigram snatched with a grace beyond the reach of art—so long as it is truly born in the heat of his climax and is not jotted down in his notes for artful use twelve and twenty-four and thirty-six months thereafter.

Finally, brethren, as in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, we come to love. It is a sticky word, suggesting sentimentality and Mr. Chips, but I know no better comprehensive term. I am thinking in part, of course, of an understanding appreciation of and affection for youth, for both the quick wits and the hard wits of Ascham's *Schoolmaster*. This will not come all at once, but even when the teacher is almost young—in his own view if not in that of his students—he should see in friendly perspective their *élans*: their follies, fantasticalities and absurdities, their idealism and disillusionment. He should have the right word for the docile and the venturesome, the moody and the cantankerous. He should bless, and not condemn with the cynic, their uncompromising pursuit of an absolute. Without lowering of standards he should be patient with the hard wit. He will legitimately rejoice when he meets in class the challenge of that quick wit which Ascham describes as "a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness,

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desirous of good things without newfangledness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well."

But above all other qualifications is that primary attachment, so obvious and sometimes so terrible, the love of the truth, and dedication to the pursuit of it, lead where it may. Everyone takes for granted this attitude on the part of the teacher toward his so-called "field," but outside that special province it is too often assumed that he is governed by ignorance or prejudice. Well, all men are ignorant and prejudiced, but the special discipline of the academic life should make the college professor at least as unfettered as the layman, and nothing in his position frees him from the obligation to exert his influence in the religious, social, economic and political milieu to which he belongs. I do not mean that the biologist should espouse laissez-faire capitalism in his lectures on evolution, or the economist interpolate a discourse on morals in his exposition of money and banking. The idea that every college course should be a document in explicit support of the Christian religion, or citizenship, or democracy, or how to get on in life is probably repulsive to most of us, in spite of much well-meant but stupid current agitation. A by-product of every course, however, should be respect for the integrity of the human mind, and determination to use the mind one has in establishing for oneself, as honestly as possible, hypotheses to guide one's action in all the directions of human responsibility. To this enlightened approach to life the professor has a duty to contribute: let him state a case, let him indicate toward which conclusion his mind tends and why, but let him encourage each student to fight the way to his own independent judgment. The life of dogma is in the death of the creative human spirit.

I will merely touch upon that other and related obligation which members of the academic profession—and the clergy, it is now pertinent to add—share with all citizens: to act and speak, as citizens, as freely as the automobile salesman or the stock broker or the member of Congress, on any subject, however "controversial," about which they have convictions. Whether they favor isolation or world government, the conservation or the exploitation of

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natural resources, the brotherhood of all men or the doctrine of a superior race, they should be ready to speak without fear of retaliation, but ready to face retaliation if it comes.

On the central issue of truth, and on its eternally evolving character—as a constantly modified hypothesis, the scientist would say —the young man aspiring to the academic life should ponder the words of Milton in *Areopagitica:*

> We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the Sun itself, it smites us into darkness. . . . The light which we have gained, was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. . . . There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it . . . this is the golden rule . . . opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.
>
> And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously . . . to misdoubt her strength.

There was a flame in Milton's heart when he wrote. In all successful teachers there is such a flame. The query is inevitable: Have you not drawn the portrait of the unattainable, of an ideal professor whose like never walked the earth? Of course I have; we teachers are mostly humble people who know our shortcomings. But what is an ideal for? Again it will be asked: Is not your whole approach based upon the so-called aristocratic ideal in education, rather than on what is "useful" for the masses in a democracy? Yes, it is aristocratic in the sense that it assumes we ought to provide the best possible education for the best minds. But it is also truly democratic, in that it proposes to provide the best for all comers, and "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Let us look at ourselves without shyness or undue modesty. Teachers need not hang their heads. Though caricatured as long-haired, egg-headed, unrealistic, absent-minded, they deserve well

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of the Republic. When their students come back at reunions and look them up, if they have really pursued teaching as a calling, the embarrassing sentiments expressed to their faces are not merely nostalgia. They give legitimate ground for thinking that even without national honor or recognition or a bank account they have an adequate reward. When Ernst Graeber, in Remarque's *A Time to Live and a Time to Die*, returns to Berlin from the crumbling Eastern Front in the last days of the Second World War, his thoughts turn first to his parents and then to the only one of his teachers whom he remembers with respect and affection. He learns that Professor Pohlmann has been "dismissed for disciplinary reasons," and finds him surrounded by his books in an attic room in the midst of rubble from the Allied bombings.

> Graeber looked at the old man. It seemed infinitely long ago that he had been in his class; nevertheless, for the span of a heartbeat, he suddenly had the feeling that he was once again a student facing an examination—about his life. . . . Here was embodied the past that had once been—kindness, tolerance, and knowledge—and the rubble outside the windows was what the present had made of it.

Strait is the gate that leadeth unto a richly rewarding academic life, and few there be that find it. But in every college class is someone who may be among the few.

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Letters to a Roman Proconsul in Greece

CONSTANTINE D. TSATSOS

Translated from the Greek by C. G. Notara

. . . Nunc quoniam . . . praeter caeteros φιλέλληνες et sumus et habemur et multorum odia atque inimicitias rei publicae gratia suscepimus, παντοίης ἀρετῆς μιμνήσκεο.

(Cicero's letter to Titus Pomponius called Atticus written in 60 B.C.*)*

AN OLD SCHOOLMATE OF MINE, now a professor in a great university in the North, passed through Athens last spring as he was returning from a scientific mission to Egypt. We were both glad to meet again after so many years, and we passed unforgettable evenings strolling through the narrow alleys of Plaka, discussing the great questions of our science, our minds continuously turning back to the peaceful and harmonious world—as it seems to us now—which we had both known in our youth. My friend was in constant good spirits, even when we exchanged sorrowful ideas concerning the present plight of Old Europe. This was with reason, for he was not returning empty-handed from the banks of the Nile. Having found and bought some papyri of great value, he had brought them with him to be published and then deposited at his university library. I naturally asked to see them. He told me that several points were still not clear, but that in any event this was a group of papyri found at Oxyrhynchus, the present El Bahnasa, near an overturned sarcophagus which contained what seemed to be letters of a certain Menenius Apius, a Roman Senator, written in the Latin language—as we know, papyri in Latin are very rare—and addressed to a proconsul, one Atilius Navius. Neither the sender nor the recipient has been known in history up to the present time. In any case, only certain extracts of

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these letters were preserved; the beginnings or the endings of many of them are missing. But their contents are so interesting that to us at least, the uninitiated in papyrology, all obscurities surrounding them and the insignificance of the writer, or of the person for whom they were written, are unimportant. I believe that what this Roman Senator, retired from active politics, has written to a younger colleague retains its timeliness to this day. And for this reason I asked my friend's permission, taking as a basis the still somewhat extempore restoration of the text, to attempt a translation which, of course, I promised not to utilize for scientific purposes.

I now make these extracts public, claiming as my own any mistakes which may have intruded into the text or translation. I should like to express here in these pages my warm thanks to my old friend, who insists that I should not mention his name. The sequence in which I publish these extracts was not suggested by him; it is mine.

C. D. T.

First Extract

I feel a great sorrow that you are not with me during these days in May in Tusculum, where I am resting these two weeks away from the rabble of the Forum and the empty speeches of the Senate. I have been acting as host since the day before yesterday to our friends and fellow drinkers Marcellus, Caecus, Cluilius, Livia, always young to me, and to a girl unknown to you, the green-eyed Aurelia whom Statius brought. Do you remember Statius, the unpredictable Statius? We are amused with his new loves, as he wishes to describe them in his latest elegies. Our good friends often mention your name and remember our old banquets at your villa in Ostia.

But how far away you are from all these frivolous things, devoted now to your new duties, down there under the cloudless skies of Achaea. Yet I am quite near you, and I think of you much, especially when I remain alone during sleepless nights, as is my custom.

You, of course, could not refuse the honor Augustus paid you. You are young, and many of your seniors would have given much to obtain the favor which was offered you by chance when you were not expecting it; a favor, however, which has dangers attached to

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it—envy, disfavor, and who knows what other unpleasantness. Motivated by these anxieties of mine, I thought that now that I have the time I should write to you about whatever my experience stored up when I was fighting in the same arena. I might be able to assist you in your work down there; I might dissuade you from making certain mistakes or from committing some imperceptible awkwardness in the beginning which could undermine a piece of work of many months. You will please attribute to my age the liberty I am taking in becoming your uninvited mentor, for it is very likely that my advice is not required. But I thought that if there are a few things in my words from which you could benefit, even these would be good, since they are given with such a feeling of affection. Allow, therefore, the former proconsul of your province to offer you, according to the words of Achilles, "a small and friendly gift." [This phrase is written in Greek in the Latin text.]

We have won the world with our legions, my dear Atilius, but we will be able to hold it only with the political order which we will offer. We have chased war away to the fringes of the earth. From the Persian Gulf to Mauretania, from the land of the Ethiops to Caledonia, the Roman peace rules undisturbed. It is difficult to explain how a city has reached the point of ruling the universe. Among the reasons, however, which could be mentioned to give this fact an explanation should be first the following: We have clearly understood from the beginning that in subjugating foreign peoples we undertook responsibility for their welfare. It is this consciousness of responsibility which distinguishes barbarian conquerors from masters of the world. Before us, Alexander alone had understood this responsibility. Happily for the glory of Rome, he died young; otherwise the Greeks would have been the lords of the world today. Peoples who incarnate their efforts only in single, transient individuals, and not in human communities or institutions which are able to weather the flux of events and which can easily swell the volume of long-term projects, are in a sorry plight indeed.

We have the wisdom not to wish to be oppressive exploiters of peoples who have submitted to our authority. We have understood

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that such an exploitation ends by being a harmful and an expensive disturbance when it exceeds moderation. And as authority is extended, the more sparsely are the garrisons distributed, and, therefore, the disproportion of rulers to the ruled becomes greater, the less ought exploitation be felt—a sort of light rate of interest paid to us by peoples for the order and the peace we offer them.

But it is not enough to give a gift of peace and order, because these are negative elements; they are conditions; they do not constitute the substance of the felicity of men. We should increase the material well-being of our peoples; we should, with our superior technique, build them aqueducts and durable highways, harbors, bridges and other works which make the lives of people more comfortable and easy. We should also disseminate in the countries we govern the gifts of philosophy and poetry. This great work we are capable of doing, however, only in the western provinces, because where you are located the Greeks still do it better than we do. Let us repeat the disagreeable avowal of Horatius Flaccus: *Graecia capta, ferum victorem cepit, et artes/Intulit agresti Latio.*

It is not enough, however, that Rome should give to the peoples of the world many things; she should learn to tolerate much, to reconcile herself to all kinds of claims, both logical and illogical, to adapt herself locally to whatever that country believes and seeks; she should prohibit only when prohibition is imposed by dire political necessity; she should recognize all the liberties that can coexist with the general purposes of her policy. The determination of this balance always requires experience, dexterity and unlimited tolerance. Any general, any proconsul like yourself, who does not find this balance in the vast areas which he supervises is in danger of jeopardizing in that district the splendor and grandeur of our republic and of harming an undertaking which was built by the moderation and prudence of generations.

Second Extract

Learn, my dearest friend Atilius, that they who wish to be masters of the world should have the mentality of patricians and

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not that of knights. [Knights constituted the second social class of ancient Rome, coming after the patricians. They were the rich who were not aristocrats.] Some of us, protected by the terrible shadow of our eagles, have lately been bringing to the provinces a voraciousness for trading and exploitation which is incompatible with the function of world leadership. These people have begun to be the Achilles' heel of our political organization. And I foretell that when they become more numerous than the others, than those who think as patricians, then the downfall of Rome will finally begin. Rome will then live on the stored forces of its great past; the present will not offer new life.

Such a mentality could be forgiven in a people new in the art of leadership. In such a case, once sovereignty has been acquired, the tendency to wish to enjoy the material wealth which leadership may bring is understandable. But if it is the destiny and intention of such a people to hold for many years the throne of world mastery, then they will quickly adapt their mores to this purpose, and among the hordes of political agents whom of necessity they will send to all the world, those who think and act as patricians will predominate.

I do not mean to say by this that a dominating people should give and not take. I too am a Roman, Atilius Navius. Our art consists in taking not as a hasty creditor, but as the head of a family takes what is his own gain. [In the Latin text the legal term *sui* is used. In principle, whatever the *sui* earned belonged, in accordance with the classical Roman law, to the head of the family.] The wise men in the art of politics, the Greek and the Roman, teach us how world masters should benefit, with what method and to what extent, from what point onward they are inequitable, and that by being unfair they harm those whom they govern, but above all they harm themselves.

Third Extract

[From here onward, the writer analyzes in a series of letters the political mores of the Greeks. It is obvious that Atilius Navius administers regions with Greek populations and that Menenius Apius had also done the same in his time.]

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The Greek is a greater egoist than we; he is, therefore, more egotistical than any other people in the world. His person is "the measure of all usefulness," according to Protagoras' saying. It is unbounded, arbitrary and untamed; the ego of the Greek stands up truly free. It is because of this that the Greeks have thought out at the source—and they first—what today we are obliged to think out in accordance with their ideas. It is because of this ego that they see with their own eyes, and not with the eyes of those before them, that their relationship with the universe, with things and human beings, does not grow stale but is always young, ever fresh, and rebounds as a new revelation to their souls. But this talent is a source of both good and evil. That selfsame ego which built up ideal political systems breaks up the actual governments of men. There have been times when Greek egoism has forgotten the art which built up ideal worlds, but it has not forgotten the art which demolished real states —we have met them, my good Atilius, in such times—and it is because of this that our criticism of them happens to be so severe that it sometimes becomes unfair.

But how could this not be so? Fate has placed us in the position of being legislators of the world; and the Greek despises all law, not accepting any measure of fairness other than his own, which unfortunately is based on individual criteria. You may wonder why the people who gave birth to the greatest legislators have so little faith in the law. And yet it is in such contrasts that the souls of men and the trends of their lives are woven. It is on rare occasions that Greeks follow the rules set by them. They obey only their own rules; and they either change the laws every now and then, according to their whims of the moment, or if the laws cannot be changed, they face them as enemy forces and then use force or guile against them. Ah, how much a Greek enjoys the subtle defrauding of the laws, the sophistic reflections which change them into rags!

Greeks have less powerful memories than we, and it is because of this that they have less continuity in their public life. They are impatient; and every now and then, when things become somewhat difficult, they decide upon radical reforms. Do you wish to charm

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the people in a Greek city? Tell them, "I promise you a change"; tell them, "I will enact new laws." With this their impatience, their passion for a change, is satiated. What brilliant conceptions you will find in these Greek creations of the whim of the moment! For our part we have timidly (guided by the hand of the praetor only) dared, slipping through the centuries, to evade the unbending shackles of our Twelve Tables, always keeping to the forms all the outward coverings. When substance changes, this hypocrisy of forms shows the extent of our humility toward anything which is an institution, a custom and tradition, how much the past—and its continuity—burdens our progress, and how well we withstand centuries when the Greeks yield in decades.

In most Greeks, if you examine a little, you will find a lean Coriolanus, an insignificant, revengeful Alcibiades, an ego greater than their country. Not in all, of course, because otherwise there would be no Greek cities today. But whoever administers a people, as you do, should know the governing tendencies, which do not, of course, reach to the extremes of the handsome Athenian or our own Gaius Marcus, but which tend in that direction. Most of them, just because they are not important persons and are powerless, stop, for innumerable reasons, halfway. But damage is done even by these.

Greeks respect few things and rarely the same things. Both for good and evil they stand above things. To judge if a law is equitable they will consider it with the yardstick of their own case, even when the ecclesia of the deme or the court has examined it in a responsible way. A Greek expects the law to be just in his own individual case. If it happens that a law on the whole does not fit in a few cases, such as his own, he cannot accept it. And yet, for four hundred years now, their great Plato has proclaimed that this is the destiny and nature of laws, that law and justice are different things. Aristotle also separated equity from legality. But a Greek does not listen to such things. He will not agree to sacrificing his own case, his own ego, to a law which is expedient and just in its generality. Such are most of the people in the towns which you will now have to administer; they are different in this way, if not from us, at least

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from our fathers who have founded the grandeur of our old true democracy.

Fourth Extract

A ruler should never be disdainful of the ruled, however worthy he may be and however unworthy the ruled may seem. He should stoop to study and get to know his people, especially when he has the difficult task of understanding Greeks. For this reason, bear with me for wishing to explain them to you from the many sides which I am trying to reduce to a first root.

With the passing of centuries, both we and the people we govern will become more and more individualistic, until the time when we will all fade into the isolation of our little selves. I believe that the Greeks, over whom you now rule, are pioneers in this deadly downward slope.

Has not the indifference of a Greek toward his fellow countrymen made an impression on you already, my good Atilius? It is not that he refuses to lend him a pot to cook with, nor that in case of sickness he will not tend him, nor that he does not like to interfere in the affairs of a neighbor, especially to show his noteworthiness and superiority; in such cases a Greek helps another more than anybody else. He also assists a foreigner, with the idea which has been instilled in his mind by the great stoics of an all-human society. He likes to give to the feeble and to the unassisted; this is another way of being superior.

In saying that a Greek is indifferent insofar as his neighbor is concerned I mean something else, but I find difficulty in expressing it. I will begin with a case of which you will see many examples with your own eyes if you are observant. There are still many poets and artists in the larger cities of Greece. Approach them, as is your duty, and tell me if you have heard any one of them praise his fellow craftsman. A Greek does not spend time in praising others, he does not enjoy praising; but he enjoys blaming, and for this he always finds time. For understanding, true appreciation, which arises from sympathy with the thing you understand, he wishes to sacrifice nothing. No motive of fairness inspires him to praise something which is praiseworthy. It is not that he would not like to be

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just, but he does not even perceive the injustice done to another. He is paying attention to something else; he admires whatever makes up his own world; he underrates all others. If a worthy citizen is not recognized according to his value, a Greek says, "Since I am more worthy than he who is not appreciated, what does it matter if he is not acknowledged as worthy?" Egoism makes it impossible for a Greek to be fair. And that is what I meant when I said a Greek is indifferent regarding his neighbor. His egotistical passion prevents him from being occupied or co-operating with another.

Naturally, of course, because of this lack of solidarity, common efforts are frustrated in Greek societies. The activities of a Greek are subdivided into individual efforts which often clash or are mutually neutralized.

Greeks sometimes leave even the dead, whom one would believe one could not envy, unhonored because they do not find it within themselves to sacrifice from their spirits and hearts for such an act of justice. It is only the hedonism of hate that can make them grave robbers. The ego—that terrible ego which is always turned inward—will rise to humiliate the dead also, and to take revenge even for their past glory.

Only when interests are created which are common to many persons will you see fellowship and solidarity, but rarely for the protection of common ideals. Common ideals almost do not exist. To every Greek, ideals are personal. This is why their political factions are factions of interests, and the ideal of each leader is himself.

Navius, Cato died long ago and our old democracy died with him. We are now following in the footsteps of the Greeks; and, in time, our own egoisms, which become every day rougher and more violent, will cover with an insurging tide the Senate and the Forum and the entire Eternal City.

Fifth Extract

It is a great delight to give orders publicly and to have the masses obey you, and I have in my time enjoyed it. But if you wish really to impose a decision in Greece, however correct it may be,

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see to it that your intention is not shown. You must sacrifice the honor of making a decision if you are to impose it on Greeks. Invite each one of the leaders of the factions separately; give each one of them the opportunity of a fictitious initiative. Naturally, if they are peevish you will frighten them; but that also should be done discreetly, without forcing their pride to a call to arms. Give them some margin of an honorable retreat, even when in reality you are giving orders; do not tell them that you are ordering. Tell them that you are not issuing an order, but that if such a thing or another is not done, then the Roman legions will be obliged to change their quarters, for reasons of security, to another province, and then it is possible that the Goths or Celts or the Dacians may send their hordes to sack the country. Let the Greeks themselves estimate the consequences, and let them decide.

Do not forget that you have given the persons whom you rule the privilege of believing that they are your allies. This fictive equality of theirs is the tacit condition of their bloodless submission. And it is to our greatest advantage to maintain this illusion. It is only on these terms that the ruling of other countries can be kept for many years. What I am telling you now, dear Atilius, is the first, the fundamental, precept of the art of being a leader, the only art in which those wonderfully clever subjects of yours have never surpassed us. No untimely passion, no impatience, should make you reveal your strength to them; only when it is concealed will it be permanent and secure. I would not, of course, give you the same advice if you were in Dacia or Gaul. But where you are, this is the rule which should govern the management of your authority: grant the pretext and keep the substance.

I am not saying all this to make you disdain the Greeks; on the contrary, I am telling you this so that you may understand them and care for them. They still have, to this day, certain traces of virtues which resemble the embers of a big fire. Students of the souls of individuals and of the mob, you will see them execute wonderful meanderings, trace brilliant political plans, with a suppleness of thought and a speediness of reaction which we never attained. Only later on will you see and be sorry that the aims for which all these admirable talents were spent are insignificant.

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Sixth Extract

Your third letter arrived today. Your many questions, your objections, which are so perspicacious, and all your phrases show that what I wrote to you found a place in your heart.

Where should I begin my reply? All the matters you broach are so very interesting.

I too, of course, have met the kind of people who, as I see, became from the beginning the cause of much annoyance to you. They are of the old school, the intransigents. Do such people still exist, my good Atilius? Are there such outdated people who have not yet understood that the center of the world has moved from Athens to Rome? As they do not have a sense of proportion, it is natural that they should react more than others to anything which is an order emanating from us. Even if they do not turn toward a Decebalus, they will do their utmost to revenge themselves on you; they will do their best to make your work more difficult; they will incite the populace against you. Beware of these bullies in politics who do not understand that it is ridiculous to have the mien of might and power when they have ceased long ago to possess such things. As they are fed from the vision of their past grandeur and cannot conform with present dimensions, they will tire you considerably with their claim that you should not intervene in the affairs of their city. They will be telling you that they will send ambassadors to the Senate to lay claim to their independence of action, and that when the Senate is informed that they are a delegation of glorious Sikyo it will agree to everything. They will even make allusions regarding the Parthes, who are their so-called friends. You should listen to all this nonsense, Navius Atilius, with patience, until there is no other way but to send a centurion to solve the matter.

This kind of people should make you the least anxious, because with the passing of time they tend to disappear. Most of them have become accustomed to and are satisfied with the free space left to them by us; and the most enlightened among them know quite well that human destiny has changed the political consistency of people and that old states have a new meaning now. And furthermore, they

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know that if it were a people other than the Romans, any one of the great peoples of the East, which had obtained the domination of the world, the space which remains free to them would be still narrower. This restraint and measure in imposing and exploiting authority was the apex of our political art; and it is to this that you owe the fact that you are today a mighty proconsul in the beautiful country of the gods.

More than these intransigents and reactionaries, you should fear the others who seem less troublesome, the modernists and the adjusted, who have been immediately initiated into the technique of the new policies and who, if they wish to undermine you, will not burst out in empty patriotic speeches on independence; but some fine morning you will be informed that they have penetrated into the antechambers of Augustus, and through their old art, calumny, hidden like a dagger, they patiently, humbly, vigilantly wait for the propitious moment when they will be able to deal the deadly blow. You should be afraid of these men who elbow their way through the gates of the Senate with the Jews, the Phoenicians and the Syrians, who year by year spread more and more thickly the seed of corruption and death in the homes and in the souls of the Eternal City. . . . Now it is on another matter that I would like to answer you today; and in this case, while you are a criticizer I will become the defender of the Greeks. You cannot forgive the present Greeks for their superficiality in handling public affairs. Of course, the descent of Greek cities toward mob rule brought about this evil. But the present political superficiality of the Greeks did not alone lead to this decline. Above all, we are to blame for it ourselves. In regulating, as masters, all the major problems of the universe, we have reduced the feeling of responsibility of all the peoples of the world. And when it concerns barbarian peoples this seems to me correct. But in the case of the Greeks, our teachers, is it, I wonder, correct that they should be able to do, without danger, any mad thing that may enter their heads just because they know that we, the Romans, will look after them? Can it be right that they should feel that they have margins within which they may play, margins wherein they can let their passions free to sat-

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isfy themselves, without endangering their existence, which we protect? In this way you see them saying things and doing things without weighing them as much as they would if we did not exist. It is for this reason that you should not adopt the usual accusation, which is formulated by many of our people, that the Greek public men are superficial and irresponsible. If you were to give them entire responsibility—a thing which I do not think could be done any longer—only then could you gauge the whole weight of their political thought and activity.

You also ask me what attitude you should adopt toward the new gods who shoot up from time to time in your province. It is a distinctive mark of our times. . . .

* * *

Here the extracts which my friend left with me come to an end. I know that others exist. He may possibly send them to me if their words could benefit those readers who may be interested in them.

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REappraisals

James Gould Cozzens and the Condition of Modern Man

JOHN W. WARD

The cover of James Gould Cozzens' newest novel, *By Love Possessed,* bears an emblem: an old French gilt clock, precisely at the hour of three, adorned by a pastoral scene in which a cupid is about to loose his arrow at the heart of a young shepherd peeping through the vegetation at a largely undraped sleeping nymph. This clock appears in the novel, on the first and last pages, and embodies figuratively what the novel presents dramatically in the pages that lie between. *By Love Possessed,* as all of Cozzens' mature work, is about the condition of man, and in the world of James Gould Cozzens man's condition is limited. One limit is set by time, the moment in which man has his being. It is precisely three o'clock. The other limit is set by man's nature, divided between reason and passion. The shepherd is about to fall victim to the blind instincts of the heart. The burden of Cozzens' fiction is that man must recognize and accept his condition and still bear the responsibility of action. So in the final sentence of *By Love Possessed,* the hero quietly says, "I'm here." Here I am now, at this moment in all of its contingencies, not in some irrecoverable past or in some wished for future; as I am, in all my humanity, a living mixture of weakness and strength, not in some ideal state of being. To act in the full awareness of the irony of the conditions within which he must act is, for Cozzens, the dignity of man.

If this is Cozzens' theme—and it is, I think, present in all the major novels—then he may now have found his own moment in time; until now Cozzens has been neglected, but there are signs that this neglect is about to end. History has finally prepared for him an audience that can share his angle of vision. Until it did, Cozzens went his solitary way, writing fine novels, pursuing his own sense of what life is about, undeterred by the almost total absence of recognition. Beginning in 1924 with *Confusion,* a bad first novel he would like to forget, Cozzens has now written an even dozen novels. He found his major theme by the thirties and in 1948 won the Pulitzer prize with *Guard of Honor.* The many-volumed *Literary History of the United States* which, as a co-operative venture in scholarship, undertook to do for our generation the definitive job on our literature, also appeared in 1948. Hardly a figure, however minor, fails to be noticed, even if only in the copious bibliography. Not a line is given James Gould Cozzens. This is not so strange as it might first seem to one who admires Cozzens. Literary fashions are not purely literary; they indicate states of mind, and the American mind was not in a state to appreciate Cozzens. It is true that Cozzens' style has had something to do with his failure to gain attention; he has none of the flair, the verbal pungency, which immediately attracts. But, of course, style and subject matter are finally one, and the fault seems to be that we were not prepared to see what the matter was. Now perhaps we can.

In *Ask Me Tomorrow,* a novel which draws closely on Cozzens' personal experi-

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ence, the hero, a young writer named Francis Ellery, watches a hotel ballroom full of people and thinks that "he would like to write about it, if only he could grasp the dramatic inner meaning that lies in the simultaneous occurrence of diverse things." If *Ask Me Tomorrow* is somewhat autobiographical, it is so only as a portrait of the artist as a young man, because Cozzens can do what young Francis Ellery wishes he could do. The characteristic situation of Cozzens' best work is a brief and thickly-peopled moment in time in which a wide variety of characters and incidents are united by a single dramatic inner meaning. *Ask Me Tomorrow* itself covers only a few days in the life of Francis Ellery; the action of *The Last Adam* takes one month; *Men and Brethren* less than twenty-four hours; *The Just and the Unjust* begins at 10:40 on a Tuesday morning and ends just after midnight on Friday; *Guard of Honor* occupies about three days; and *By Love Possessed* precisely forty-nine hours. The strict ordering of time, the compression of action into a narrow frame, is not simply the virtuosity of a skilled storyteller, although one must admire that too. By thoroughly exploring a limited segment of human experience in all its ramifications, Cozzens means to make us appreciate more fully the complexity of moral action. Human right or wrong for Cozzens never exists outside the tangled web of time. And, as Francis Ellery sees, diverse things happen simultaneously. A typical Cozzens novel involves a wide range of characters and a multitude of actions. The numerous subplots function together not only to intensify the dramatic inner meaning common to them all, but to show that no action takes place in isolation. Each action is irrevocably conditioned by all the others. To consider a course of action as if it were self-contained, to act as if one's will were free, is, for Cozzens, to act naïvely, to ignore the teachings of experience.

Cozzens' work is defined not only by these technical devices, the compression of dramatic time and the interpenetration of various actions, but also by certain pervading themes, the need for experience and the discrepancy between the ideal and the actual. The Cozzens hero is generally an older man or, at least, one being schooled into the wisdom of maturity. The hero of *By Love Possessed* wonders at one point if the full status of an adult is given to anyone under forty. Not by James Gould Cozzens. Colonel Ross, the old judge on wartime duty in *Guard of Honor,* puts the matter succinctly:

> Colonel Ross was not sure whether today's different attitude came from being twenty years wiser or just twenty years older. He had, of course, more knowledge of what happens in the long run, of complicated effects from simple causes, of one thing stubbornly leading to another. Experience had been busy that much longer rooting out the vestiges of youth's dear and heady hope that thistles can somehow be made to bear figs and that the end will at last justify any means that might have seemed dubious when the decision to resort to them was so wisely made. Unfortunately, when you got to your end, you found all the means to it inherent there. In short, the first exhilaration of hewing to the line waned when you had to clean up that mess of chips. The new prudence, the sagacious long-term view would save a man from many mistakes. It was a pity that the counsels of wisdom always and so obviously recommend the course to which an old man's lower spirits and failing forces inclined him anyway.

Colonel Ross's skeptical acquiescence to the stubborn facts of life is, in *Guard of Honor,* the mark of his wisdom and maturity. Cozzens measures all his heroes by the same rule. Julius Penrose, the philosophical, crippled lawyer of *By Love Possessed,* puts the code bluntly. "As a wise old man once said to me: Boy, never try to piss up the wind. Principle must sometimes be shelved. Let us face the fact. In this life we cannot do everything we might like to do, nor have for ourselves everything we might like to have." But Julius Penrose points to the paradox in such a view of life. Man is not to lapse into a sullen fatalism because he cannot do all he wants to do; he must stir himself to do what he can. "The paradox is that once fact's assented to, accepted, and we stop directing our effort where effort is wasted, we usually can do quite a number of things, to a faint heart, impossible." To learn the art of the possible is to be mature

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in Cozzens' world, and it requires a long schooling in the facts of life. Colonel Ross in his novel says, "If you did not know where the limits were, how did you know that you weren't working outside them? If you were working outside them you must be working in vain." To learn where the limits are and to learn to accept them is to attain the full status of adulthood. This is present as a theme in all of Cozzens' later work, and it is at the center of one of the best, *The Just and the Unjust.*

Cozzens does a bold thing at the start of *The Just and the Unjust.* This novel is about Abner Coates, a young assistant district attorney, and the action centers largely about a trial for murder which Abner Coates helps prosecute. The novel begins at the opening of the trial in a high-ceilinged, semicircular courtroom where the acoustics give a spectator little chance of hearing anything intelligible. Abner Coates is aware that, involuntarily, he is an actor in a drama and that "his audience was finding the performance, of which he was part, a poor show compared to what true drama, the art of the theater or the motion picture, had taught them to expect. Art would not take all day Monday to get a jury. Art never dreamed of asking its patrons to sit hour after hour over an impossible-to-hear lawyer's colloquy, with no action." Cozzens' point, of course, the point of all his novels, is that life is not dramatic; it is not filled with stirring climaxes or crucial moments. Life is the slow process of adjustment to half-seen facts and complicated decisions. Here, in *The Just and the Unjust,* he boldly invites the reader to contrast life with art. But his invitation is art. Cozzens deliberately sets himself dramatically unpromising material and then, tongue in cheek, suggests that art would never deal with such material. There is a danger here, certainly, the danger of the mimetic fallacy, to write undramatically about the undramatic. In *The Just and the Unjust* Cozzens may seem to run close to the line, but only the reader lulled into taking Cozzens at face value will miss the artful way in which *The Just and the Unjust* is put together. Although the murder trial is the subject of the book, the theme of the book is Abner's initiation into the facts of life. His love affair, his involvement in politics, the minor actions which involve a fatal automobile accident and the voyeurism of a perverted high school teacher, all work toward this single theme. *The Just and the Unjust* is a novel about the formation of a young man. Abner Coates is made to face life as it is and to accept the responsibilities of maturity, to discard his youthful protest against the distance between the way things should be and the way things are. As a quiet study of the fruits of maturity, the novel embraces a comprehensive hierarchy of ages: one of the defense attorneys is a young man in his twenties; Abner Coates is thirty-one; the district attorney is in his forties; the patient, tired and finally effective political boss is in his fifties; and Abner's father, Judge Coates, manfully bearing up under the adversity of a stroke, is in his sixties. These men represent an ascending scale of practical wisdom, so that the final words of the novel are fittingly left to Abner's elderly father. He tells his son, "We just want you to do the impossible," which is simply to get up and face life every day and do what needs to be done.

The epigraph to *The Just and the Unjust* is a quotation from Lord Hardwicke: "Certainty is the Mother of Repose; therefore the Law aims at Certainty." The novel then ironically demonstrates there can be no certainty in anything man has a hand in by dramatizing the distance between Olympian justice and its human embodiment. For Cozzens, to accept the facts of experience is to accept the discrepancy between what is and what should be; with this as a theme, he focuses his novels on those areas of modern life where the ideal is presumed to govern. The heroes of his later work are always professional men: a doctor in *The Last Adam,* a minister in *Men and Brethren,* a lawyer in *The Just and the Unjust,* a judge who doubles as a military man in *Guard of Honor,* and a lawyer again in *By Love Possessed.* Cozzens turns to the professions for his heroes because of the contrast implicit between the ideal code of the profession and the actuality which pervades it. He can measure the difference between what should be and what is most economi-

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cally in those areas clearly defined by a professional standard. If, considering Cozzens as a novelist of professions, one immediately thinks of Sinclair Lewis, one must as immediately recognize a difference. Although Cozzens takes infinite care with the authentic details which command belief (Zechariah Chafee, reviewing *The Just and the Unjust* in the *Harvard Law Review*, thought it should be required reading for every young lawyer), he is not interested in the profession as such. He is sympathetic with his professional heroes because they, of all people, are aware of the discrepancy between their professions and their actions and strive, fully conscious of the irony of their predicament, to realize a goal they know is ideal.

Cozzens published his first novel while a Harvard sophomore. Later, in a dictionary of American authors, he wrote, "My first novel was written when I was nineteen, and that, and the next, and the next, were about what you would expect." Passing the same judgment on himself that he does on his characters, he said, "I have the advantage of being older now." Today, on the flyleaf of his other novels, those first novels (*Confusion, Michael Scarlett* and *Cockpit*) are never listed. Because, as Cozzens wrote a Princeton undergraduate, "I began my career with the (I know now) fantastic accident of happening on three successive publishers who lacked judgment and so accepted for publication three novels written before I had taught myself to write or had any idea of what novels should do. Most novelists of course write such first books but they remain manuscripts." One may accept Cozzens' painful sense of the inadequacy of his youthful work, yet the first, *Confusion*, strikes the very note he was to explore successfully in his mature fiction: the necessity for experience, the adjustment of the ideal to the actual. The story itself, full of preposterous Russian counts and sophomoric philosophizing, is about the defeat of innocence when exposed to the confusion of actual life. Cozzens inverts the Jamesian situation: the innocent young girl is a European, and America is the world of experience. But to think of Henry James is to weight the novel too much; its worth now is that it states at the outset the typical Cozzens situation although it fails to realize it in novelistic terms. Late in the novel, the young heroine comes to realize that life is not ideal. "There ought to be some sort of moral beauty," she says, "which isn't marred by the ridiculous or the clumsy or the inane. And you just don't find it. Each one of us has irradicable meannesses and flaws. And then things happen in such a way. Life isn't an abstract thing, it's the concrete lives of millions of human beings. When you build on life you build on a sort of quicksand."

Cozzens' developed position is an acceptance of this judgment. In Cozzens' world one does build on quicksand and one must continue to do so fully aware that he stands on shifting ground where the ideal is marred by the ridiculous and violated by the meanness of us all. Read by itself, *Confusion* might be taken as an adolescent protest that this is so; the weakness of the novel is that the reader is not sure how to take the meaning. (In *Cockpit*, youth quite ingeniously triumphs over the shrewd adult world.) But by the time he had taught himself to write, Cozzens not only would avoid such infelicities as "irradicable," he would have learned how to project his own sense of life so that the reader, caught up in the fiction, must assent to its imaginative reality. No artist develops in a simple linear fashion, getting better and better, exploring his theme more deeply and more intelligently in each successive novel, but Cozzens comes close. With only slight variations from the straight line, Cozzens has steadily strengthened his grasp; *By Love Possessed*, his latest, is his best novel.

By Love Possessed is the story of forty-nine hours in the life of Arthur Winner, a tall, spare, balding, fifty-four-year-old lawyer. Early in the action, a young judge, enmeshed in his own problems, asks Arthur Winner, "Could you ever have changed what's going to happen? You know this much: Whatever happens, happens because a lot of other things have happened already. When it gets to where you come in—well, it's bound to be pretty late in the day. . . . Freedom, I read at college, is the knowledge of necessity." Arthur Winner recognizes the

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emotion behind the query, the dissatisfaction with the kinds of victory to be won in life. "Might all of them be forms of defeat: givings-up; compromises; assents to the second best; abandonments of hope, in the face of ascertained fact that what was to be, was to be?" With a remarkable economy, every action of the book tests this question. Some characters in the novel evade the question; some escape into alcoholism or to the institutionalized comfort of the church; some lapse into a brutalized cynicism to hide from the question. But Cozzens leads the reader to an inevitable acceptance of Arthur Winner's answer at the end: "Victory is not in reaching certainties or solving mysteries; victory is in making do with uncertainties, in supporting mysteries." But if this is the answer, the conclusion is not fatalistic. Man is not excused because this is so; he cannot resign his responsibility; he cannot quit because he knows that the end of man is defeat. Stoically, using what resources of reason and strength of will he has, man must continue to seek the order which the conditions of life and man's nature will not allow. The irony is there in the hero's very name: Winner. There are no winners in Cozzens' world; the only victory is to recognize and accept that fact.

By Love Possessed was a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection; Hollywood, in its fondness for the resounding sum, bought it for $100,000; *Time* magazine has even enshrined Cozzens in its pantheon of modern heroes by putting him on the cover. This sudden rush of acceptance—and one hopes that Cozzens is as immune to good fortune as to bad—raises a question. Why now? Why not before? Cozzens is aware that he has not been in fashion. Once, when invited to lecture at Princeton University on the novel, he declined, writing that he had observed "that novelists are not very interesting when they air their views about the novel. As well as grieving the judicious by glimpses they generally give of that coxcomb and jackass seldom far to seek in anyone with a creative faculty, those I've heard or read were never long in indicating that they don't know a damn thing about their 'art'—and that's the case, I think." In a second letter, he put emphatically his sense of his own separateness:

> Not to mince it, current critical opinion and I greatly disagree about what's good. As part of his professional job I think a novelist should examine all contemporary novels that attract attention. I do this; and I then take care to observe what critics say of them. Too often for it to be mere chance or minor difference in taste, I'm flabbergasted to find the consensus discovering Profound Feeling, Deep Insight, Moving Symbolism, and Living Characters where I saw deplorable sentimentality, cheap and childish thinking, silly pretentiousness, and preposterous people. Here, clearly, someone's wrong; and at that I'm satisfied to leave it. Like so many of those who are really self centered, absorbed altogether in what they are doing, I haven't even the weakest urge to show others their errors, argue them into agreement, prove I'm right. This makes the obvious part both of prudence and of common civility easy for me—I just shut up, stay at home, and attend to my work.

In one of the early as well as one of the few essays on Cozzens, the late Bernard De Voto, writing from the "Editor's Easy Chair" of *Harper's* magazine, tried to answer why Cozzens had not received the critical acclaim due him; his answer may also contain the reason why acclaim has come to Cozzens now. In his usual muscular fashion, De Voto used Cozzens to cudgel modern criticism. Critics shy away from Cozzens, De Voto thought, because "he is a writer. His novels are written. . . . So they leave criticism practically nothing to do. They are not born of a cause but of a fine novelist's feeling for the lives of people and for their destiny. . . . They contain no fog of confused thinking on which, as on a screen, criticism can project its diagrams of meanings which the novelist did not know were there. There is in them no mass of unshaped emotion, the novelist's emotion or the characters', from which criticism can dredge up significance that becomes portentous as the critic calls our attention, and the novelist's, to it. Worse still, they are written with such justness that criticism cannot get a toe-hold to tell him and us how they should have been written. Worst of all, the novelist's ego has been disciplined out of them, so criticism cannot chant its dirge about the dilemmas of the artist in our time."

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Now despite much of the nonsense here, the notion that the better a writer is the less criticism has to say about him, despite this wrong-headedness, De Voto has two shrewd things to say about Cozzens' career. First, Cozzens' books are not "born of a cause"; they are not the product of any social or political movement. Second, Cozzens has not gone with the literary fashions of the time, the novel of elaborate symbolical structure, or the novel of sensitive introspection. If this is true, Cozzens has stood apart from some sizable movements in our literature. He has gone his own way which is not the way of the novel of social protest or of the psychological novel; nor has he followed the dominant mode of modern fiction, the method of symbolism.

Yet, if one goes back to the early work, one discovers that Cozzens worked successfully in the modes which now seem so alien to him. *Son of Perdition*, Cozzens' fourth novel and the one he likes to consider his real beginning, is interesting for two reasons: it marks the tentative discovery of the way Cozzens will organize his major novels while, at the same time, it wavers between two ways of handling the story. *Son of Perdition* takes place in little less than a day at Dosfuegos, Cuba, the sea terminal of the United Sugar Company. Early, then, Cozzens is working toward the tight unity he will exploit better later. Cozzens had already written one novel, *Cockpit*, about the sugar industry, but he does not make special use of his knowledge of its operations; *Son of Perdition* does not qualify as the novel of a profession. But in this early novel (although it was his fourth book, he was still only twenty-six), Cozzens is already exploring the problem of the limits of human action, the moral complexity arising from man's limitations as man. At one point in the novel Cozzens compares the clean efficiency of the machine with the muddled quality of humanity. He notes "the machine's inhuman beauty, the reason and might of the machine, confounded so inevitably by the rooted folly, the poor stubborn pride of man." But Cozzens is not arguing the program of the Italian Futurists; man's nature is not susceptible to the perfect rationality of the machine. Man is constantly the victim of his own rooted folly.

Son of Perdition has, even if as tendencies, the characteristics of Cozzens' best manner. It fails only in one, the interpenetration of the various levels of action. The novel is sharply divided between the Americans who have descended on Cuba with the United Sugar Company and the natives of Cuba. Although there is little functional relationship between them, Cozzens comes close to something brilliant in the way he juxtaposes the two societies. Two characters dominate the American group: the chief of United Sugar, Joel B. Stellow, and a drifter and troublemaker, Oliver Findley. Given their own world, they exist simply as strikingly different types. But by counter-poising them against the superstition of the natives, Cozzens surrounds Stellow and Findley with the suggestions of the symbolic roles of God and the Devil. Here Cozzens is having the best of both worlds without committing himself to either. In two subsequent novels, *S. S. San Pedro* and *Castaway*, both short books, Cozzens pursues what, for want of a more precise term, one might call the "symbolic." In actual order of chronology, *The Last Adam* falls between these two books and suggests how Cozzens was hesitantly finding his way. But before he found it, Cozzens proved he could write one of the most successful psychological novels of our contemporary fiction. *Castaway* is worlds removed from Cozzens' later work; a nightmare inversion of the Robinson Crusoe myth, it belongs to the world of Kafka. The hero, Mr. Lecky, is locked in a department store over a long weekend. With everything that modern society has to offer in the way of material goods, he is paralyzed by fear, either pursued by a madman or haunted by his own madness. Whichever, the point is clear enough: with all the material resources of the modern world, man has not the spiritual resources to sustain himself. In American literature, one must go back to Melville's "Bartleby the Scrivener," to discover another piece of fiction with the same surrealistic power. One can understand, given the critical position that Mr. De Voto bewails, that so good a critic as Stanley Edgar Hyman

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can think *Castaway* Cozzens' best book as well as one of the most neglected novels in recent years because Cozzens presents here, in all its psychological horror, the alienation and aloneness of modern man.

The danger, however, in drawing a sharp contrast between the stages of Cozzens' career is that one will miss in the later work the subtle way in which Cozzens has domesticated his symbolism. In *By Love Possessed,* the setting and the weather, so natural in themselves, gradually add a dimension of meaning to the novel and so, by definition, function symbolically. As the action progresses, a dark storm gathers, just as fate gradually encloses Arthur Winner. At the orgastic climax of the tender love affair between the hero and his wife, the storm breaks. The next day we learn that a bolt of lightning had at the same moment riven a great sheltering tree at Ponemah, Arthur Winner's summer house. With that news one recognizes that the idyllic security of childhood so carefully associated in the early pages of the novel with Ponemah, is not to be sustained in the adult world in which love is only fleetingly realized amidst the storms of experience. Ponemah is, in Arthur Winner's world, not only the garden of his first wife, it is *the* Garden, the world of innocence before man's fall into time and the corruption of his human estate. One need only read Cozzens' first novel, *Confusion,* in which there figures a place of retreat from the world also called Po-ne-mah, to realize what Cozzens means when he says that when he grew older he taught himself what a novel should do. It should project the world of myth and symbol in the common experience of the characters' daily lives. So when the final revelation of Arthur Winner's own character comes in a scene in the garden, the inevitable snake is believably there.

Cozzens' increasing insistence on the actual as he develops his technique is, of course, a function of his subject matter, an insistence on the here and now. So one suspects that it has never been a matter of style; it is the image of the world which the style presents and of which it is itself a part. Cozzens' central theme, that man must do what he can with the facts as they are, that one must accept the world as given, runs counter to the mood of much recent American history. Rebellion against society, which Cozzens thinks is callow, characterized the fiction of the twenties; the reformation of society, which Cozzens thinks is naïve, characterized the fiction of the thirties. Despite Bernard De Voto, Cozzens' fiction may be born of a cause, a personal cause, the cause of a skeptical conservative who does not think too much can be done with the way things are. Outside of his fiction, Cozzens has said, "I am more or less illiberal, and strongly antipathetic to all political or artistic movements. I was brought up an Episcopalian, and where I live the landed gentry are Republican." The tone is a little shrill here, but it suggests a personal position behind the fictional world which helps one understand why Cozzens remained out of fashion despite his superior skills as a novelist. One need not be a member of the landed gentry or a Republican, of course, to appreciate Cozzens' view of the condition of man. Happily, Cozzens is a novelist, not an apologist. But it is probably true that more Americans can more readily share Cozzens' view now than ever before. Since the Second World War, high aspirations and heady ideals have come to seem somewhat embarrassing, if not a little absurd, to many Americans. So the acceptance of Cozzens today may be as much a function of the intellectual climate as was his neglect before.

If history has caught up with Cozzens, it is because, in a more important sense, history has caught up with the American people. With a remarkable prescience, Tocqueville remarked in the early nineteenth century that because of the social conditions of the country Americans "owe nothing to any man; they expect nothing from any man; they acquire the habit of always considering themselves as standing alone, and they are apt to imagine that their whole destiny is in their own hands." The cast of mind Tocqueville perceived led on one side to the Horatio Alger legend and the myth of the self-made man in the hands of the apologists for our great capitalists. On the other, it led

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to great literature and the creation of a characteristic American hero, the solitary, self-propellant man, heroically alone. He is the character demanded by Emerson and given us most richly by Thoreau in *Walden*, the new man who realizes his character by taking his way not to man but from man. Since 1783 when Crevecoeur asked his famous question, "What is this new man, this American?" down to Henry James's hero Christopher Newman, named after the discoverer who gave this new man a new world in which to act, Americans have tended to think of themselves as beginning history over again, making a fresh new start. The westering experience of the American people dramatized in their daily lives the notion that the archetypal American was he who moved away from society, out of civilization, and began anew. He is Natty Bumppo and Huck Finn. R. W. B. Lewis has explored with brilliance the cultural dialogue that took place around and about this heroic figure and has named him the American Adam.

The image of the American as a new man was not without its paradoxes, of course, and Hawthorne and Melville have alerted us to them. But the chief irony in such a dramatization of American history was that the moral Nature of the Transcendentalists and the Jeffersonians was also the physical one of coal, iron and oil, the raw materials of a vast complex industrial civilization in which man's direction is to man, not away from man. Henry Adams made this irony the central fact in *The Education* and saw that "the new American [was] the child of incalculable coal-power, chemical power, electric power, and radiating energy." Emerson could innocently write that history was but the lengthened shadow of a man, but when Adams returned from England to the new industrial America that had won the Civil War he "found his energies exhausted in the effort to see his own length. The new Americans, of whom he was to be one, must, whether they were fit or unfit, create a world of their own," but it was to be the world we now live in, the world of complex structures, interdependence and organization, not the world of freedom from social forces and escape from history.

Richard Blackmur once said in conversation that James Gould Cozzens was the only contemporary writer who had taken the organization of modern society for his theme. Because Cozzens does not write about the man in the gray flannel suit many readers will miss the fact that Cozzens is a contemporary writer in the deepest sense of the term. His subject is the limited world in which man is enmeshed in a congeries of forces which radiates far beyond his personal control. Cozzens' heroes are professional men, themselves an instance of a specialized society, and his subjects are various; but his theme is the complex world in which man, in his already limited estate, is further limited. In *Guard of Honor*, seemingly about the special state of war, Cozzens asks if war is really so different: "No. Not if you could face the too-little-faced fact that war really brought you nothing that peace, mere living, couldn't eventually bring." Mere living can be a heroic enterprise in Cozzens' fiction because it involves man in a historical and social web that he can neither control nor renounce. All he can do is the impossible, live in it and accept it with skeptical and ironic good sense.

Henry Adams wrote that the "old-fashioned logical drama required unity and sense; the actual drama is a pointless puzzle, without even an intrigue." Adams is describing the modern world; Cozzens' heroes live in it. The point is not that Cozzens may have read Adams (although their mutual admiration of Pascal suggests an intellectual affinity) but that both are reacting imaginatively to the conditions of modern man. The view of human nature present in Cozzens' fiction is not modern; it has roots certainly in the seventeenth century, echoes of which sound throughout Cozzens' pages. But it is a view of man, however traditional, which has a special significance for modern man. Divided between reason and passion, called to act in a world he cannot control, he may be the new man, the new hero, that the conditions of modern life demand. If so, James Gould Cozzens has presented him richly for our contemplation.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

St. Augustine and Freud both noted the fact that babies are cast howling upon the shores of this world. One thought it was because they bring with them the sin of Adam; the other, just because they resent being born at all. According to Freud birth is the first "trauma," and our subsequent psychic history is largely a matter of the successive traumas we suffer. Things—wounding things—happen *to* us; and to these wounds we "react."

Many of the biographies and autobiographies written during the last three decades show how generally this view is accepted, even by those not consciously Freudian. Usually we are not told how a light suddenly broke on the way to some Damascus, but how the hero's personality began to take shape when he was beaten by a cruel parent, mistreated at school, seduced by a playmate, fired from his first job, or sent to reform school by authorities who didn't understand that he was "just mixed-up."

Perhaps Rousseau started the fashion when he described the delicious pleasure discovered in that fateful spanking on his bare behind which made him what he was ever after to be. Even intellectuals seem frequently to go on the assumption that the biographer or autobiographer in search of a clue or a key should look not for an idea or a thought, but for the traumatic experience of which the thought (if any) was a by-product. The frank teller of his own story does not say that while listening to the barefoot friars singing in the Forum he was suddenly inspired to write the story of the Decline and Fall. He is more likely to tell us how the bully around the corner knocked off his cap or stole his lollipop, and how, in that moment, was born his lifelong interest in juvenile delinquency.

How much of all this is, I wonder, mere convention? How many of us, if left to ourselves, would conclude from self-examination that the most significant moments in our lives were not those when we suffered some trauma but those when some idea, some conviction, or some ambition came to us either out of the blue or only tangentially related to any external event.

Possibly, if I were determined to follow fashion, I could make more than should be made of certain minor happenings in my own life, though admittedly they cannot be wholly insignificant if I still remember them. I do, for instance, still remember from my first year in elementary school the vivid sense of injustice generated when a bad-tempered teacher ran angrily through the whole class getting a wrong answer to the same question and then, when she finally got to me, was so exasperated that she did not even listen to the right one. Did this really make me self-righteous, cocksure and convinced that the world was doing me wrong? If I actually am all this, did I become so at that moment, or do I remember the moment because I was already self-righteous and convinced that the world was not doing me justice?

I can also remember—as who cannot—early glimpses into the forbidden world of sex. None of them were such as would be approved by a child psychologist, unless he happened to agree with that old-fashioned doctor quoted by Havelock Ellis whose patient confessed that he had "learned the facts of life in the gutter" and got the reassuring reply: "The very best place to get them." Had I turned into a sex maniac some of my traumas might be cited as causative factors, but I doubt that such moments were to me, or to most children, more serious than the physical scratches and bruises no child escapes.

When I ask myself in what significant ways I can remember a child really father

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to the man, most turn out to be connected with thoughts I found myself thinking or attitudes I found myself taking rather than with "traumatic incidents." No external event of my preadolescent years is vivider than a remark I remember making on the way home from executing some commission for my mother. Somewhere—probably at the Sunday school I still attended because it was expected of me—I had heard a reference to the time when the lion and the lamb would lie down together, and I said to myself, or rather to some imaginary antagonist, "If the lion ever tries it, he will die of starvation." This was not, I fear, a very polished epigram, but I have never forgotten the moment when it seemed as significant as any remark which could possibly be made and furnished the starting point for an essential part of all the thoughts about the universe I have ever had since.

No one who had grasped firmly what it implied was likely to succumb to any form of utopianism. It was years later that I first met the phrase "contingent universe," but when I did I knew at once what it meant and hardly needed to digest it. I was already sure that certain characteristics of the universe in which we live are inherent in it; that they are part of "the world I never made"—and cannot entirely remake. The very mysterious power called imagination may be able to dream of a radically different one. But my nature and the nature of all living things make that dream unrealizable.

When first I heard of Darwin and his theories they seemed to me only a wonderfully rich elaboration of my fable of the lion and the lamb. I took my stand with science against religion, because science seemed to be describing the contingencies while religion shut its foolish eyes upon them. And it was much much later before the fact that I disliked some of these contingencies, the very fact that a child of this universe can dislike them, struck me as no less significant than the contingencies themselves.

But neither the contingency of the universe nor a certain concept of original sin it implied did as much to make me whatever I am as another idea which burst upon me on the day when I first really saw a Royal Baking Powder can—or rather, to be perfectly exact, the picture of such a can which used to appear regularly in a colored advertisement on the back cover of the old *Cosmopolitan*. A little later I was to read Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* in *Everybody's Magazine*, and that was important too. But not so important as the powder can.

Perhaps I should be ashamed to mention it had not diligent inquiry convinced me that many others had the same experience and that the effect of that particular advertisement may have done more than *McGuffey's Readers* to mold the American intellectual. Some, to be sure, missed the baking powder and were stopped in their tracks by Quaker Oats instead. But the difference is unimportant, and I have sometimes met ready comprehension when I asked without preliminaries: "Were you a Baking Powder man or a Quaker Oats man?"

For the benefit of those who were blind to both I had better explain. The can and the package were adorned respectively with pictures of the container itself. Therefore, the advertisements included a picture of a picture. And that picture must of necessity include a picture of a picture of a picture. In practice, of course, the series finally ended with a dot. But it shouldn't have. And thus I became simultaneously aware of two stupendous facts. Infinity can be neither represented nor imagined, but logically it must exist. The brain reels, and it is a painful experience. But here at least is a trauma which must be suffered before any human being can become fully human. Perhaps if I were psychoanalyzed it would be discovered that some forgotten triviality had a greater effect upon my life. But I doubt it.

Most academic departments of philosophy are—at least so I am told—now committed to logical positivism. Most men in the street would, I believe, agree with the logical positivists if they were capable of understanding what the positivists are talking about. But in certain more or less esoteric circles there has been a good deal of recent concern with the directest opposite of the

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positivist, namely what is now commonly called the "visionary." Aldous Huxley's two little books go the whole way and recommend mescaline as a key which unlocks the door of our prison house. In England at least three of the recent best-selling books were Colin Wilson's brash *The Outsider* (of which the real hero is Blake considered as a seer rather than merely as a poet) and Victor Gollancz's two big anthologies, *A Year of Grace* and *From Darkness to Light*, collected from the mystics of all times. Then of course there is the popularity of Yeats—which may not really count because a good many take his poetry very seriously without taking his gyres and his perns seriously at all.

A broad streak of what Johnson called "stubborn rationality" separates me from the visionaries, though perhaps "rationalism" would be a more accurate word than "rationality." Still, the assumption that all the visible world is a shadow of the ideal is not, *a priori*, any less probable than the usual assumption that everything we call ideal is (to use T. H. Huxley's word) a mere "epiphenomenon" somehow imposed upon the physically real. No scientific demonstration can refute the mystic because all scientific demonstration starts by assuming one answer to the question under debate. The visionaries have a point when they argue, pragmatically, that whereas science has accomplished everything it promised except to make men happy or content, the visionary enjoys a heaven of enlightened ecstasy even if he has to pass through purgatory to reach it.

At least one thing even the least mystical might learn from the visionary is that experience (which is the visionary's first concern) and explanation are two very different things. The modern tendency is to be so intent upon what it calls explanation (by which it means the search for origins and the description of processes) that it ceases to appreciate or even recognize experience itself. We discuss evolution and lose the sense of the wonder of life; we are so obsessed with theories of the libido that though we talk about "the sex experience" it is the experience itself we know least about; and we try to analyze so elaborately human motives and social forces that we are hardly aware what being a man or part of a society really is. Whether the visionary's experiences are illusory or not, at least he has knowledge *of* them, not like most of us, only knowledge *about* something or other.

As for our so overvalued explanations, many of them don't even explain. Take for example the lithographed chart I saw recently in a college bookstore. It was labeled "How We Hear," and it pictured in half-diagrammatic form the external ear, the drum, the anvil and the semicircular canal. But this is not at all "how we hear." It is only how vibrations in the air are transmitted. Hearing begins where the diagram stops. Hearing is the experience or the conscious awareness of sound. And conscious awareness is not in any way or to any extent "explained" by anything which can be represented in a mechanical diagram. The ear and the eye no more explain hearing and sight than a telescope explains the logical deductions made by an astronomer who looks through it or, for that matter, his sense of awe when he contemplates one of the nebulae. Anyone who is taught by the chart to believe that he now knows "how we hear" has lost more than he has gained. In a sense he is more ignorant than he was when he thought he did not know.

Some biochemists are promising with increasing assurance that they will soon "create life in the laboratory." Suppose one of them should, tomorrow, synthesize a glob of protoplasm as indubitably alive as an amoeba. He would not have "created life" any more than the atomic physicists "created" atomic energy—which none of them claimed to have done. He would have done no more than release one of the potentialities of matter. Until yesterday no one suspected what energy was locked up in the atom. Tomorrow we may be shown that the possibility of life—of consciousness even—is similarly locked up in it. But we will not have "explained" anything. In fact, the universe will be just that much more inexplicable than it was before. The scientist is a wonderful fellow as long as he confines himself to what some have insisted is the only

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business of science: a description of what happens. When he talks about "explaining the mystery" he babbles.

A few months ago I spent some days in Reno, Nevada. I was not seeking a divorce (in Nevada he who seeks finds), nor did I go to gamble. As a matter of fact I didn't put so much as one coin in any of the omnipresent slot machines. But for the benefit of my readers I did make some observations on the form assumed by an ancient vice in our moral society and I came up with some, to me, interesting sociological notes.

In the first place, it is significant that though one may play all the classical games —roulette, blackjack, craps, even faro, and many more—the American's preference for the mechanical makes the slot machine by far the most popular despite the fact that the odds are unknown and the patron is completely at the mercy of the operator. ("The most generous slot machines in the world," one club advertises. But that is not saying much.)

More significant is the composition and the mood of the crowd. We speak commonly of "gambling hells," and the phrase suggests depravity of either the glamorous, devil-may-care or the brutally predatory variety. But the atmosphere at Reno is precisely that of any middle-class amusement resort, and it is frequented chiefly *en famille* by men and women who risk (and usually lose) a few dollars in precisely the same spirit that they would go for a ride on a roller coaster. There are a few grim-faced habitués trying to make a dishonest living and in the grip of the same obsession one used to see written on the faces of certain old ladies at Monte Carlo. But nineteen out of twenty of the players are merely tourists "taking in" Reno in the same way that they have been taking in the illuminated caves and the snake pits along the major highways. The consumption of hot dogs and hamburgers far exceeds that of champagne.

Moreover, what the slick magazines call "togetherness" (which is the new name for immoderate and obsessive domesticity) has conquered even the dens of iniquity. Bingo is featured in incongruous proximity to faro —presumably for the benefit of those whose only previous experience with gambling has been in the parish house. And at least one "club" advertises that children may be left in a sort of nursery "under trained supervision." Was there ever before a gambling hell which provided baby-sitters?

Tenderness
will drown at sea
without the bark,
mentality.

ALICE VAN HISE

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. . . . . *The Revolving Bookstand* . . . . . .

The Cry for Culture

ROBERT LANGBAUM

Culture has become in our time a very "big" word, charged with a world view and a battle cry. For the word has in its largest sense come to mean everything about us that is not biological—the principle of connection by which we understand ourselves and the rest of the world, and all the arts, tools, customs, laws, institutions which proceed from that understanding. We could never use the word that way if we had not the modern historical sense of culture as evolving, as growing like a plant out of man's biological nature and the nature of his environment, and if we had not the moral bias which goes with the historical sense—the feeling that each stage of culture has its own validity and that the culture of every people has its own validity.

As a battle cry, the word implies that the organic nature of culture is good, that modern Western culture is faulty because it has tried to abolish the past, to snap the stem of the plant, and that this has led to the loss of unity and to social and personal disorganization. It is amazing how much of the Western moral program has centered since the latter eighteenth century around this essentially metaphorical idea (the Latin *cultura* means cultivation of the soil). In the latter eighteenth century, Herder says in Germany that great works of art do not merely proceed from individual minds but are the flowers put forth by a whole culture; and Burke tells the English that the future must be allowed to grow out of the past, that the French Revolution went wrong because it tried to start over again from the beginning with only an abstract blueprint for guide. Carlyle and Ruskin warn nineteenth-century industrial England that the discontent of the workers is spiritual, that they do not feel they belong to society, and that industrial society will have to find an equivalent for the Christian and feudal spirit which made a single living body of medieval society. Marx himself is as passionately concerned about the spiritual alienation of the worker under industrialism as about his poverty. Matthew Arnold sees a unifying culture as the alternative to class struggle, now that the workers have learned from the middle class that freedom means pursuit of self-interest. Although Arnold made the word *culture* famous in English, his idea of it is the least adequate for social criticism since he thinks of it too much as intellectual culture.

In the twentieth century, the new disciplines of sociology and anthropology have emerged from the cluster of concepts contained in the word *culture*; while among literary men the cry for culture goes on. T. S. Eliot shows in *The Waste Land* how our thoughts and feelings become feeble and inarticulate when there is no unifying cultural idea to give them meaning. Like so many twentieth-century thinkers, Eliot considers Arnold's humanism inadequate as a cultural idea. He sees religion as still the best unifier because it combines thought with emotion and the very simple with the very complex. Ten years ago Eliot shocked the democratic public by asserting, in *Notes Toward a Definition of Culture*, that there

ROBERT LANGBAUM, assistant professor of English at Cornell University, is the author of *The Poetry of Experience* and many articles on political and literary subjects. Mr. Langbaum's essay-review "Crime in Modern Literature" appeared in the Summer, 1957, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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can be no culture without religion and a hierarchy of social classes. Since "culture cannot altogether be brought to consciousness," the best transmitter of all that is unconscious in culture is the family and that extension of the family which is social class. Classless elites would have no "social cohesion," no "social continuity"; they would "meet like committees." Neither politics nor education can hope to dominate or direct culture, they can only keep their place "as one of the activities through which a culture realizes itself." For "the effective culture is that which is directing the activities of those who are manipulating that which they *call* culture." We can, says Eliot, decide to sacrifice culture for the sake of a classless and engineered society. But then we should not suppose we can have it both ways; we should know what we are sacrificing.

Between the two World Wars the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset published the now famous *Revolt of the Masses*. He warns that the West is dominated by the Mass Man—the man without cultural memory, who enjoys the technical fruits of civilization while ignoring and despising the heritage and disciplines of civilization. Already our civilization exists only in the minds of a handful of men; if technicism and the Mass Man continue to replace science and the civilized man, we will soon be unable to sustain our arts and techniques; we will be barbarians living among the marvels of a forgotten civilization. Rome was invaded from without; we are threatened with a barbarian invasion from within.

Ortega's thesis has a curious relevance to the work of Nathanael West, that novelist of the thirties whose *Complete Works* have been republished this year (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; $5). His *Day of the Locust* uses as a kind of silently ominous chorus the Mass Men who, having all their lives "slaved at some kind of dull, heavy labor, behind desks and counters, in the fields and at tedious machines of all sorts," have finally saved their pennies and come to California to die.

> Once there, they discover that sunshine isn't enough. They get tired of oranges, even of avocado pears and passion fruit. Nothing happens. They don't know what to do with their time. They haven't the mental equipment for leisure, the money nor the physical equipment for pleasure. . . . Their boredom becomes more and more terrible. They realize that they've been tricked and burn with resentment. Every day of their lives they read the newspapers and went to the movies. Both fed them on lynchings, murder, sex crimes, explosions, wrecks, love nests, fires, miracles, revolutions, war. This daily diet made sophisticates of them. The sun is a joke. Oranges can't titillate their jaded palates. Nothing can ever be violent enough to make taut their slack minds and bodies.

The hero, Tod, a painter employed at a movie studio, is working on a painting, called "The Burning of Los Angeles," in which a gay holiday crowd of these watchers and waiters burns to the ground a city which, with its "Mexican ranch houses, Samoan huts, Mediterranean villas, Egyptian and Japanese temples, Swiss chalets, Tudor cottages," with its costumed extras and plaster movie sets, is the ash heap of all times and places, the dream dump of civilization. The novel ends with a riot at a movie premiere, a riot which involves the main characters and breaks in a meaningless burst of violence the impasse to which the action has brought them. Although *Day of the Locust* does not quite come off in that West has not really succeeded in integrating the theme of the ominous watchers with the main action, the novel projects an unforgettable image, the nightmare image of a world without culture.

West's masterpiece, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, is about an advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist who is destroyed by the pity he feels for the unspeakably pathetic cases that come to his attention—a deaf and dumb girl to whom a man "did something dirty," a girl born without a nose. Miss Lonelyhearts' pity is self-destructive because it is unrelated to any general view of life which might keep it in proportion. As a view of life, he has only the unrelenting nihilism of the editor, Shrike, who demolishes every cultural recourse—the romance of the soil or the South Seas, hedonism, art—and finally the recourse for which Miss Lonelyhearts himself is reaching, Christ. Shrike ridicules Miss Lonelyhearts' absurd position as Christ of the newspaper-reading public: "Soul of

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Miss L, glorify me. Body of Miss L, nourish me." And indeed, for all his pity, Miss Lonelyhearts cannot love because he cannot deny Shrike's view of the world and has not therefore a principle of connection by which to believe in the reality of anyone outside himself. The result is personal disintegration and, in the end, death at the hands of a cripple whom he is deliberately trying to love. A work of genius, *Miss Lonelyhearts* will always I suspect have a small audience because it is almost unendurable. It is unendurable because it isolates human suffering from any effective cultural or man-made environment.

Since the last war the cry of some writers would seem to have turned against culture. If we think of Riesman's Other-Directed Man, or only recently of William H. Whyte's *Organization Man* (Simon and Schuster; $5), the complaint now would seem to be of too much acculturation. Yet the problem is still the lack of culture. For Ortega's Mass Man, who like Eliot's Hollow Man has nothing inside and nothing behind him, who makes no demands on himself but is proud to be like everyone else, is also Riesman's Other-Directed Man, whose criterion of virtue is what will please other people, and Whyte's Organization Man, whose supreme virtue is to fit smoothly into the modern corporation. They are all meat for the social engineers and psychological manipulators, for the Motivation Research boys described this year in Vance Packard's *Hidden Persuaders* (McKay; $4); they are the dead ducks of the advertisers and totalitarians.

There has been in our time a shift of emphasis in the cry for culture. The laissez-faire nineteenth century sought culture mainly as a cohesive force. But we, having seen the superstates with their mass production and mass communications, seek culture rather as an individualizing force, as a retreat beyond state control and mass manipulation, as a valve of escape from that completely sealed sociopolitical chamber which Orwell projects in *1984*. We seek culture as that external order of ideas, tastes and sentiments which can give us at least two dimensions beyond manipulation—the past, or cultural memory, and the self, or what we call the inner life.

In *Politics and the Novel* (Horizon; $3.50), Irving Howe says that Orwell, by carrying totalitarian tendencies to their logical conclusions, projects in *1984* the nightmare reality of our time. The Soviet Union comes closest to the society of *1984*, but we find in *1984* characteristics incipient in our own society as well. We realize in reading Orwell that totalitarianism is modern technological democracy with the individuality and spirituality, with the whole heritage of the past, what we have been calling *culture*, left out. In *1984*, as Howe points out, the state has undertaken to obliterate cultural memory, to mass-produce as a substitute that synthetic product which we nowadays call "popular culture," and to strip the language of words "that suggest refinements of attitude or gradations of sensibility." Although these things are not state functions with us, they are sufficiently evident in our society to call forth the attacks of the humanists. In its implication, Orwell's *1984*—especially the appendix on that language of the future in which there are no words for heretical thoughts—is the decade's loudest cry for culture.

Meanwhile we are trying to reintegrate our knowledge and put together again that culture which the increasing specialization of knowledge has taken apart. Hence the interest in vast syntheses like Toynbee's, and the interest among college students in interdisciplinary courses and surveys of Western civilization. For even as our knowledge has increased enormously, we have in a cultural sense become more and more ignorant, since we have been able to embrace less and less of that knowledge.

Thus we have Howe's attempt to relate literature and politics—to study in the novels of Stendhal, Dostoevsky, Conrad, James, Orwell and others how "the *idea* of society, as distinguished from the mere unquestioned workings of society, has penetrated the consciousness of the characters," how ideology can be a motive for feeling and moral action. Similarly, we have *Still*

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Rebels, Still Yankees (Louisiana State University Press; $4.50), the collection of essays by Donald Davidson, known as the dean of that group of traditionalist Southern writers called the Agrarians. Davidson maintains that Southern literature has in the past three decades been superior to Northern literature because Southern writers belong to a still traditional and coherent society which offers them some cultural verification for their perceptions of value, whereas the Northern writer "cannot trust the knowledge in his heart, even when he has it, because he has allowed his civilization to discredit it."

Not only does Davidson offer a convincing explanation for the remarkable literary production of the South in recent times, but he also reminds us that cultural coherence can be more important for literary excellence than a high literacy rate and a large number of libraries and universities—that it is "backward" Mississippi which has given us William Faulkner. He reminds us that the hinterland, not New York, is the source of our creative talent; and he points out the inconsistency of those metropolitan critics who "proclaim that America is standardized," yet "scorn the rural backwardness" of regions that maintain their local character. He objects to the cultural tyranny of New York because he does not think we can, like European countries, have a national literature. Since culturally we are not one but several nations, we can only have regional literatures.

All this is convincing. And yet, when so finely cultivated a man as Davidson can write:

> Thus it happened that New York transmitted, to the one people on earth who were freest of class-consciousness, the Marxian theory of the war of the classes. To the least neurotic and most energetic of races it offered the Freudian doctrine of repressions and complexes. To a people the greater part of whom were schooled in Protestant religion and morality New York presented, with a knowing leer, under the guise of literary classics, the works of voluptuaries and perverts . . .

we wonder what he can have got out of Faulkner, and whether regionalism does not

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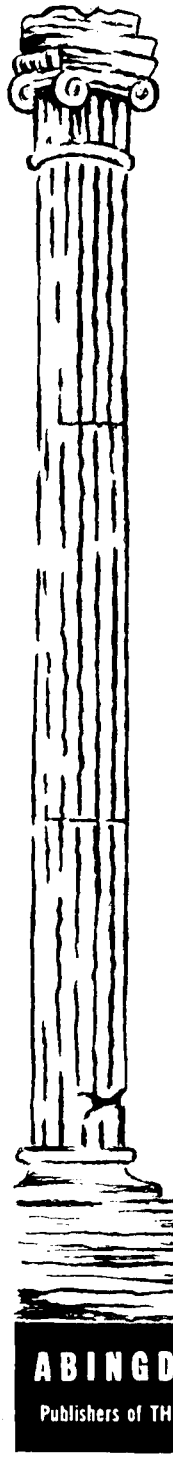

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inevitably turn into provinciality and philistinism.

John Maurice Clark's *Economic Institutions and Human Welfare* (Knopf; $5.50) is a collection of essays by the dean of those economists, called welfare economists, who have tried to reintegrate economics into our culture. In the last century Carlyle and Ruskin warned that in abstracting economics from the rest of life the economists were talking in a vacuum, that Economic Man, the man of purely economic motives, did not exist. Now Clark tells us that "ethics and economics can no longer be thought of —if they ever could—as separate worlds," that there is no such thing as a purely economic decision, that even "letting the market decide" is a moral decision in favor of certain values and against others. The economic life must be carried on according to the same obligations of good citizenship that apply to the political life. We can no longer engage in that single-minded pursuit of self-interest recommended by the classical economists. In our economic as in our political system we have a right to look after our own interests, but for both systems to work we have also to remember how our interests are related to everyone else's.

Clark repeats Ruskin's complaint against the classical economists' view of work as "a 'disutility' incurred for the sake of the goods it brings," whereas "the quality involved in work" is itself "a value in its own right." If Clark reprimands economics for insulating itself "from the values found in the humanities," he also reprimands current literature for taking toward the economic system an attitude which "seems starkly and dangerously negative, presenting it as an arid waste of sordidly selfish and otherwise purposeless striving." All in all this book is so entirely reasonable that the layman is apt to agree too easily and to forget what a long, hard struggle it has been to get such ideas accepted not as noble sentiments but as economic doctrine.

In *The Tension of Citizenship* (Rinehart; $4), the young political theorist H. Mark Roelofs reintegrates political theory with religion and culture. In answer to the theory which sees democracy as the accidental product of economic and social conditions, he sees it as the realization of a faith inherent in Western civilization from the beginning. The tension, as the subtitle indicates, is between "Private Man and Public Duty"—between the idea of the citizen as a political creature with rights and duties deriving from the state, and the idea of the citizen as a man of private occupation or vocation, with an area of concern and a source of justification outside the state. The *individual* in the modern sense emerges from these rival obligations to the state on the one hand, and to himself and his God on the other.

Athens gave us the idea of citizenship, an idea which is immediately civilizing and liberating because a man must be "wrenched free" of the clan and recognized as an individual before he can be "related directly to the state and its laws." Yet the Greeks do not give us an adequate idea of liberty, largely because they seem to have had no clear concept of individual will. They saw the city as both the means and end of moral activity. Freedom meant freedom to serve the free city, whereas for us it also means the possibility of avoiding complete political absorption.

For a concept of will we must look to the Hebrews who thought of the community as a means to an end, as a collective soul or will fulfilling in the Covenant with Yahweh a destiny exterior to itself. The individual Hebrew was judged not like the Greek by social function but by intensity of will, the intensity of his commitment to the communal mission. Yet the Hebrew could not, any more than the Greek, fulfill his destiny outside the community. It was Roman cosmopolitanism which detached the individual from communal ties and which, first in Stoicism and then in Christianity, made salvation a private occupation. As defined by St. Augustine, the Christian occupation presupposes a dynamic self which cannot be contained within any system. "This immediately energetic self is the root source of all modern notions of democratic equality."

"A man," says Roelofs in a passage which

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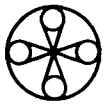

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sets forth perfectly the distinction between totalitarian and individualistic democracy,

> can be trained and compelled to behave with social decency, to live righteously, and to cooperate with his neighbors. But he cannot be made to love. . . . Disparage this Augustinian view of the essential activity of man, deny this understanding of man's inner person, and all the liberal limitations on the state will be as nought. If a man is only as good or as bad as his behavior, as he can be *made* to be, then the state will know no limitation. It will have every moral license to set about, with all the techniques which modern science provides, the business of making men good.

Oddly enough, the cry for the individual and for what is local in culture leads to a recognition of the West as a cultural entity, and this in turn leads to a cry for a European, a North Atlantic and eventually a world community. Thus *The Revolt of the Masses* ends on a surprisingly optimistic note. Ortega proposes a European federation which, by releasing European energies and restoring European leadership, will give to the great European ideas a life and authority strong enough to draw the Mass Man back into the orbit of European and, indeed, world culture—Europe being the source of whatever is distinctively modern in world culture. It is in the same way, as part of a series called "World Perspectives," that the well-known Protestant theologian, Denis de Rougemont, attempts this year to define *Man's Western Quest* (Harper; $3). "This Series," says the editor, Ruth Nanda Anshen, "is committed to a re-examination of all those sides of human endeavor which the specialist was taught to believe he could safely leave aside," all this to recover for East and West their authentic spiritual traditions as a way out of "the thrall of totalitarianism both right and left" and in preparation for the "growing World Age."

In preparation for the coming dialogue between East and West, de Rougemont attempts to define these two great cultural entities. The East, he says, would turn matter into spirit: Buddha, the son of an earthly king, rejects this world "to rise to transcendent Nothingness." The West would turn spirit into matter: Christ the Son of God comes down to earth to save men "there where they are." The Western Quest is, therefore, "to discover the secret of man and that of the cosmos," because "the Incarnation of God in space and time, in a human body at a particular date" gives significance and reality to flesh, matter and historical time. Hence the impulse to science—"in an earnest expectation," says de Rougemont paraphrasing Romans 8:19-23, that all creation can be "loved and known, and finally redeemed by the manifestation of the children of God."

Similarly, the Western idea of the *person* was at first purely theological; the *person* of a Christian imitates on a human level the Person of Christ. The Christian is a living paradox who through conversion is at once set free from caste and clan and at the same time entered into the Christian community, "*the community of persons*, set free and set in relation by virtue of faith." The Christian is at once freer and more related than other people. The West is at once more individualistic and more socially minded than the East. Since the West has had as a result a dialectical history, alternating between the requirements of the individual and society, "it was doomed to Progress—that is, to engage in the unending pursuit of a balance and equilibrium, the secret of which is not of this world."

The idea is certainly attractive in that it brings to life all the disparate elements of our culture. De Rougemont shows how our secular sanctities—Passion, Revolution, Nation—are heresies of Christianity. Why, he asks, did Europe discover the rest of the world and not the other way around? Material explanations will not do; the answer is the need of Europeans to realize their faith in this world. The prime impulse in technics was not utility—it is the technical invention which creates the need—but *play* in the deepest, which is to say the religious, sense. Technics will cease to matter when they have accomplished their aim, to give us leisure. "We are on the threshold of an era *in which culture will be the serious thing in life* . . . everything is leading to a religious age."

One hopes de Rougemont is right, though

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our increased leisure does not at the moment seem to be leading in such a direction. In foreseeing, however, an eventual exchange of roles between East and West, de Rougemont does account for the current preoccupation of Asia with nationalism and industrialization. The West, having achieved leisure, will turn to religion and culture. The East will turn to technics to win the leisure for which it is culturally prepared. The danger is that the West may be already too spiritually impoverished to take advantage of its leisure, and that the East may become equally impoverished by throwing itself upon our technics while ignoring, on the one hand, the values that produced those technics and forgetting, on the other, its own values, "which are those of which we stand in greatest need." Let us therefore take from each other what each of us needs, but let us also serve each other by keeping intact our characteristic inheritances.

We may take such an exhortation for granted as obvious and reasonable. Yet it expresses, in its cosmopolitanism and particularism, its respect for the past and its concern that the past grow into the future, its belief in spirit and in the validity of different incarnations of spiritual truth, a remarkably complex ethic. It is the ethic contained in the word *culture*. It is, I should think, the only ethic by which we can hope to achieve the world community we want, while avoiding the faceless, soulless, engineered "utopia" we dread.

Brief Comments

THE COPERNICAN REVOLUTION: Planetary Astronomy in the Development of Western Thought. By Thomas S. Kuhn. Foreword by James Bryant Conant. *Harvard University Press. $5.50.*

As far as it goes, this is an excellent treatise of much-treated subject matter. If the author would do a second volume in the same spirit as the one under review, we would have a most satisfactory picture of the evolution of man's struggle to find his place in the universe.

Both in those early centuries, when the rather poor and timid ideas of Copernicus were taking the place of the rich, bold Ptolemaic inventions, and in the past century of Inspired Gadgetry, that extends up to our present moment, there have been permeating and obstructing philosophies which had to be overcome or by-passed. The Copernicans and their predecessors were hindered, if not enslaved, by devotion to Aristotle and the dogma of the Circle of Perfection (and other things of course). The moderns have been hindered by obscure premises, such as belief in the constancy of the primitive constants.

Dr. Kuhn's full and revealing account of the transition from the loco-centric to geocentric to heliocentric concepts of the place of human life in the universe is a look into the minds, triumphs and foibles of the early philosophers. History may eventually show that we are equally beset by foibles, perhaps even more so than in ancient times because so much more of the microcosmos and macrocosmos is now unveiled for us to be mistaken about.

It is to be hoped, however, that we are less bound by transmitted rules and rulings. If that is the situation, the reason may well be because we have books such as this to warn us, and because we have before us many examples—such as the antibiotics, the artificial satellite, and the astro-chemistry of million-light-year-distant galaxies—to demonstrate the frequent attainment of the apparently impossible, and to convince even stubborn churchmen and laymen that the earth really does go around the sun.

HARLOW SHAPLEY

THE IMMENSE JOURNEY. By Loren Eiseley. *Random House. $3.50.*

Countless cones of light have passed through lenses, innumerable things have been observed and manipulated, weighed and measured, since epic writing was in high vogue. The record, as we have learned to

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read it from rocks, bones and fossil campfires, bespeaks the rise of man, not a fall (a fall, incidentally, due to a herpetological confidence game bringing attainder to countless innocent unborn). There is a new magnificence to be told, and much for the teller to know.

Yet to the perceptive, the dawn of our new illumination, like the brilliance of the Mount of Transfiguration, cannot destroy the essential mystery of cosmic process and of being. To such an observer the whole must ever remain more than the analyzable sum of its parts. This is not scientific defeatism. It is merely the intuitive challenge of an endless but never fruitless search which underlies the creative impulse of scientist and artist alike.

And so it is good to see both poet and scientist occasionally in the same skin.

Loren Eiseley, professor of anthropology in the distinguished department of the University of Pennsylvania, is wise and learned in the natural sciences basic to his discipline. His collection of profound and beautiful essays are in effect a series of meditations on the origins and progress of living things, usually inspired by events in the author's field work, and illuminated by his knowledge of what he sees.

Yet he speaks as a poet, and as only a poet can, conveys a sense of the immensity of time and space, a feeling of the struggle that is life, an awareness of kinship with all living things and the uniqueness of each, including our own kind. But he also reminds us that we are not the perfect image of life "for it has no image except Life, and life is multitudinous and emergent in the stream of time." Knowledge without end may accumulate: the essential mystery will still remain.

PAUL B. SEARS

THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS. By Edmund C. Jaeger. *Stanford University Press.* $5.95.

For many years Edmund Jaeger, now professor emeritus of zoology at Riverside College, has made the Southwestern deserts his

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learned hobby. Author of several popular books on their flora and fauna, he has now compressed into one compact handbook an amazing amount of information which pretty well covers the subject. Geography, geology, climate, ecology and general natural history are all treated. There are numerous tables, charts and maps as well as many photographs and clear sketches of the most conspicuous plants and animals. Most questions that one is likely to ask are succinctly answered, and though the presentation is easy as well as densely factual it is difficult to imagine how a small volume could offer a more useful survey.

"Nearly one-fifth of the surface of the earth is made up of deserts, supporting less than four per cent of the world's population." But deserts are not alike, and most of them are so far from being deserted that they support a varied and peculiarly interesting flora and fauna. Man is learning more and more how to live in them, and upon this fact Professor Jaeger also touches. But one of the reasons why they are so interesting to him and to other *aficionados* is, perhaps, just the fact that few other regions have been so little modified by man. Plants and animals have adapted themselves to the desert. Modern man can live there only by adapting the desert to himself. And that means making it no longer a desert.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEME FOR REASON. By James Ward Smith. *Princeton University Press. $4.00.*

It may yet come to pass that the *via media* of Aristotle's moral and political exhortations will contribute more significantly to the perennial problems of philosophy than either his logic or metaphysics. And even before the Stagirite, the pragmatic Greeks knew that one often had to slip *between* the horns of a dilemma to escape being impaled. *Theme For Reason* is a distinguished example of the growing recognition among professional philosophers that there is no real dichotomy between speculative and analytic thought, that rationality need not be a choice between the purely deductive and inductive methods of proof.

In admirably lucid language, with illustrations drawn from politics and ethics, the author presents what is in effect a neo-Kantian synthesis of contending schools in contemporary philosophy. He asserts that not all universes of discourse are adequately treated by empirically verifiable hypotheses nor by a priori logical analyses. Life is replete with situations where human judgments can best be examined in terms of a justification of the distribution of emphases. Methodological procedures must take into account the patent fact that "no attempt at describing *the* nature of man can succeed," that men are fallible and not master chess players employing pre-established conventions. That life is a game is a limited metaphor. Ludwig Wittgenstein, one of the leading lights among logical positivists, later revised his conception of philosophy as a project of generalization to that of an awareness of difference. Somehow, the world and man spill over all systems constructed to contain them.

RICHARD HUETT

THE ASTONISHED MUSE. By Reuel Denney. *University of Chicago Press. $4.50.*

It must be sufficiently annoying to have one's jacket-copy-writer call one "incorrigibly witty"—as befell Mr. Denney—without being labeled also as a writer about popular culture, whatever that is. That word *incorrigibly* is no doubt intended to be flattering, but once its Tom Sawyerish flavor wears out it does, after all, suggest that Mr. Denney is too witty and cannot be cured. Happily this is not so. As for popular culture, maybe there is something that can usefully be called by that name, but I am happy to report that Mr. Denney's book is a witty essay about what you and I can call American culture, not even limited as he himself at one point suggests it is to mass media, sports and advertisements.

The book is full of brilliant perceptions, which it is impossible to do justice to out of context. There is, occasionally, a passage in which Mr. Denney's sociological commitments seduce him into a rhetoric which conveys a curious sense of disinvolvement with

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his subject matter, as in the discussion of Bradbury's and Brown's science fiction, where we are asked to "suppose" and to "assume" and to "consider" that such-and-such is so, in which case so-and-so would be true—or, rather, "we would be forced to the suspicion" that it might be. Thus presented, some of Mr. Denney's most illuminating and entertaining perceptions diminish themselves, like shy girls at a coming-out party. Reacting, perhaps, against the stylistic mode of poetic eunuchs wearing codpieces, he sometimes writes too much as if he were a sexless sociologist instead of a poet—which, as the final paragraph of that chapter on science fiction shows, he most certainly is.

In short, this is a brilliant book, occasionally blurred by the pseudo-precision of sociological rhetoric, in which a wise and kindly man, with a poet's gift for precise identification, looks without prejudice at the creative acts in the everyday world around us.

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN

THE FABRIC OF SOCIETY. By Ralph Ross and Ernest van den Haag. *Harcourt, Brace. $10.00.*

This new cyclopedia of social science comes in four volumes bound into one book. One can open it anywhere and find an excellent digest on almost any sociological, economic or political topic, complete with punch lines and philosophical footnotes that point to other reading, collateral considerations or some other part of the book. In addition there are a comprehensive index and a selective bibliography which offer even more good reading.

The pace varies between the two authors, whose contributions are about equal. Repetition is not obtrusive, and what appears to be inconsistency of treatment in the several places where such topics as religion are covered is found on further examination to be a difference in approach and purpose. Professor Ross could have done well without Chapters 16 through 19, where the relationship between his intricate explanation of scientific method and the main societal

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theme in the other chapters seems remote. In general the choice of excerpts is objective, and the digests and commentaries are so tactful or good-humored as not to displease the myriad authorities surveyed. Each reader can find some part of the book that just suits his personal whims or societal needs and seems therefore full of brilliant analysis and new axioms.

One of the authors says, "the light cast by the social sciences is diffuse, fitful, and by turns arbitrarily focused." This book flashes a bit wildly at times off the margins of social structure and shines upon other once jealously guarded sciences. Perhaps sociology is all of human life. There is material here for many sermons, speeches and college courses. The reader interested in the purpose of pipe smoking, international law (-lessness), inflation, Christian sin, democracy or the homogenizing effect of television will find it all discussed here.

SYDNEY CONNOR

RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS FOR TODAY. Edited by John Knox Shear. *Dodge. $7.50.*

To perpetuate the dated architectural argument of modern versus traditional styles seems pointless today; yet the majority of religious buildings presently being constructed appear to deny the acceptance of contemporary design. It is disheartening to realize that most church architecture today lags behind that of the rest of society —particularly since in the past the church led the way in the development of architectural styles.

This book, consisting of photographs and articles previously published in *Architectural Record,* is a compelling argument—more visual than verbal—for contemporary religious architecture. Although its appeal will be primarily to the design profession, it should be studied by all concerned with church building programs as well as by those interested in the relation between worship and the arts.

A broad range of work is presented, encompassing varying budgets, program requirements and liturgical needs. In each case the designer has searched for a solution which would not only meet the actual physical requirements but also express the spiritual feelings of the particular congregation. Especially noteworthy buildings shown here are Philip Johnson's K.T.I. Synagogue, Saarinen's M.I.T. Chapel, Anshen and Allen's Chapel of the Holy Cross, and the Ronchamp Chapel by Le Corbusier.

The photographs are excellent, as are the essays by Halvorsen and Detlie. The organization of the book is less satisfactory; the text and drawings accompanying the photographs are meager and occasionally superficial. In spite of these limitations, however, *Religious Buildings For Today* is a valuable survey of the search for a three-dimensional expression of the religions of our time.

JAMES ROBERT KERR

MANNERISM AND ANTI-MANNERISM IN ITALIAN PAINTING. By Walter Friedlaender. *Columbia University Press. $4.00.*

These are translations of two essays published in German in 1925 and 1929. "The Anticlassical Style" contains the principal criteria for a school much studied at present. Based mainly on the work of Pontormo, Rosso and Parmigianino, it defines mannerism as a reaction to the ideals of the High Renaissance. Only a long footnote deals with the cultural-historical implications of the style, and very little attention is paid to so important a mannerist as Tintoretto. However, the essay only proposes to bring mannerism into sharp focus, and it does so with sympathetic insight and scholarship.

Professor Friedlaender announces in "The Anti-Mannerist Style" that in writing of these artists—he mentions the Caracci, Cigoli, and Caravaggio—"their conception of art, their position toward religion and the transcendental is to be the subject of this study." This promises rather more concern with the social background than is to be found in the first essay and the scope is somewhat wider. As always, Professor Friedlaender makes the quality of the work crystal clear.

Having pointed out that only the late "mannered" painting of the anticlassical

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school can properly be called mannerist, Friedlaender claims that the earlier style (that of Pontormo, *et al*) is named by a process of "reverse derivation from its offshoot." He asks, in conclusion, whether the anti-mannerist school constitutes a style entity in its own right or should be equated with the Baroque. He answers by applying the semantic argument with which he starts. If this is to be called Baroque art, it too must be so called by a process of reverse derivation. His preference is to consider it a period apart, a "time of reform"; but the reader may doubt whether any more useful purpose is served by separating these works from the sweep of Baroque art than by separating the work of Pontormo and Parmigianino from the later mannered style.

EDGAR LEVY

THE AGE OF DANTE: A Concise History of Italian Culture in the Years of the Early Renaissance. By Domenico Vittorini. *Syracuse University Press. $6.00.*

Professor Vittorini sides with those scholars who see in the quickening of economic and cultural life after the year 1000 the beginning of the Renaissance. As for the preceding period, he discards the term "medieval" in favor of "the Christian Era." While acutely aware of continuing classical traditions throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, he distinguishes perhaps too sharply between humanism, conceived as cultural heritage and revival, and the Renaissance, understood as creative art. The former term, subdivided into religious, moral, aesthetic and critical humanism, is extended to include even schoolmen and Church fathers.

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woman, and the cosmic love of God. Not every admirer of Dante will agree with Vittorini that "science and knowledge stifled poetry, at least theoretically, in the official circles of culture"; nor that Dante and his contemporaries, unenlightened by aesthetic concepts in vogue today, were "unaided by a clear consciousness of the nature and aim of this art (i.e., poetry)."

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JOHN C. NELSON

HOMOCIDE IN AMERICAN FICTION, 1798-1860: A Study in Social Values. By David Brion Davis. *Cornell University Press.* $5.00.

Mr. Davis, one surmises, wrote a very satisfactory dissertation, well organized and well written, and by virtue of these exceptional merits it was printed by the press of his university. But this does not mean that the world has gained a good book. The subject, certainly, is of interest, and the limiting it by the outbreak of the greater homicide of the Civil War provided an opportunity to expound facts and contrast attitudes in a manner worthy of the name Cultural Criticism.

Unfortunately, the book tries to do more and thereby spoils its gift. What one wants first from a monograph is facts intelligently chosen and set forth. The present work should afford a clear view of the extent, varieties and implications of killing in the fiction of the first half of the nineteenth century. The author undoubtedly possesses such a view himself, but he obscures it here almost willfully with the aid of Interpretation and Background.

What he calls Background is the usual set of generalities about Locke and Paley and other gentlemen ushers of the dissertation world, coupled with references to vague items of social history—"the changing status of women" and the like. And where these perfunctory notions do not occupy us, we are treated to Interpretation in the form of

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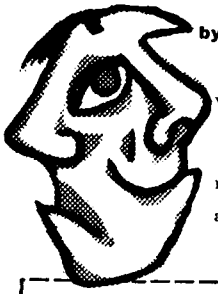

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loosely worded connections, for instance, a-propos of a gory tale of Washington Irving's: "The young Italian bandit learned not only that sexual desire can motivate murder but also that sexual possession and murder could be identical. Desire could only be realized by tenderly inserting a poniard into the breast of an unconscious girl."

This, I submit, is nonsense. The word *identical* either states an untruth or means nothing more than *associated.* But the hokum of psychiatric interpretation soon dulls the critic's mind to what he does mean: "That Poe identified sexual love with death and decomposition cannot be doubted." If this means anything, it implies its converse, from which it should follow that "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and the "Case of Mr. de Waldemar" are stories of sex.

In the dissertation world, writers do not want or need to be plain and simple: They must be "significant"; they are not telling you something: they are "making a contribution." Hence it seems reasonable to announce ahead of what should be a good solid report: "This study began with the assumption that attitudes toward intentional homicide in American literature would reveal certain beliefs and values which, in turn, would elucidate more general problems in American civilization. Since it has been an experimental study, in both objectives and methodology . . ."

One wishes well to the experimenter, who is obviously able and earnest, but one would still like to know about homicide in our earlier fiction. All that is desired is a scholarly treatment in which every sentence could be deemed sensible and believed at sight.

JACQUES BARZUN

THE VICTORIAN FRAME OF MIND, 1830-1870. By Walter E. Houghton. *Yale University Press. $6.00.*

Mr. Houghton has made an illuminating and impressive analysis of certain major aspects of the Victorian middle-class and upper-class mind. He has presented it with great understanding and lucidness of style. He undertakes expertly to resolve the para-

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doxes of optimism and anxiety, of skepticism and the will to believe, of conformity and evasion, of Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Taylor. He explores the interrelations of emotional and moral attitudes in order to correct the "malicious bias" of Stracheyan criticism (currently disparaged, I think, too easily and too fashionably) and to suggest the continuity between many of our own assumptions and those of the Victorians.

Refreshingly, the method of the study is neither annalistic nor biographical. It establishes a rather elaborate system of categories—rigidity, dogmatism, the commercial spirit, the worship of force, love—and analyzes them, bringing to bear ample and often fresh illustration. But the defect of such presentation is a static view of the Victorian mind. There seems to be too little analysis of causation or of the dynamics of cultural change. Moreover, the three main categories—emotional, intellectual and moral attitudes—are appropriate, but they exclude too much. If emotional attitudes, why not political? If moral, why not aesthetic? If anti-intellectualism is a valuable subheading, as indeed it proves itself in an excellent chapter, why not intellectualism? The work of the philosophical historians, for example, deserves consideration. If hypocrisy is a valuable subheading, why not self-criticism? If earnestness, why not sense of humor? Thomas Hood is mentioned once, and then in connection with the condition of the poor, but in this examination the Victorian mind exists with limited awareness of its novelists as satirists, and entirely without awareness of Lewis Carroll or Edward Lear or the continuing and salutary efforts of *Punch*. Yet within its limits *The Victorian Frame of Mind, 1830-1870* is an excellent addition to interpretations of the period.

FRASER NEIMAN

JOSEPH CONRAD: Achievement and Decline. By Thomas Moser. *Harvard University Press. $4.50.*

JOSEPH CONRAD AT MID-CENTURY: Editions and Studies, 1895-1955. By Kenneth A. Lohf and Eugene P. Sheehy. *University of Minnesota Press. $5.00.*

To Conrad's centenary year Thomas Moser has contributed a book which is closely reasoned and intelligent, though burdened with theories and conclusions of doubtful validity. It was inevitable that sooner or later some critic would get around to examining sex in Conrad, a subject about which his official biographer, Jean-Aubry, and Mrs. Conrad, in her two reminiscences, have virtually nothing to say. In any case Mr. Moser is committed to the idea that Conrad's writing, particularly the work of his last period, suffers from his inability to handle love. He finds Conrad's women sexually aggressive, his men impotent, and Conrad himself so ill at ease with the theme and so incompetent in its execution that his art sags whenever it intrudes. Fortunately, he was able to keep love in a minor place during the early novels, but beginning with *Chance* in 1912 it became his chief subject and was the direct cause of his decline.

So runs the argument. It is supported with a great deal of alert textual analysis. But it rests on judgments which seem to me questionable, and admits enough exceptions to undercut the whole thesis. Among the more questionable assertions are the following: The sentiments of Almayer and Captain Whalley for their daughters are incestuous. The jungle is "feminine" in *Almayer's Folly* and "masculine" in "Heart of Darkness." Jim is "possessed" by Patusan as Kurtz is by Africa, and leaves the place no better off than when he arrived. In "Youth" Marlow longs for death; the oar he holds in his hand is a phallic-shaped object. *Victory* and *The Shadow-Line*, both late works, are markedly inferior.

Among the exceptions, acknowledged by Mr. Moser himself, to his argument that Conrad did not understand love are the subtle accounts of the marriages of the Goulds and the Verlocs. Against his assertion that the Conrad female inevitably dominates the male is the decisive way in which Jim brushes aside Jewel's plea that he escape. In the treatment of sex, at which Conrad is supposed to be inept, there is the

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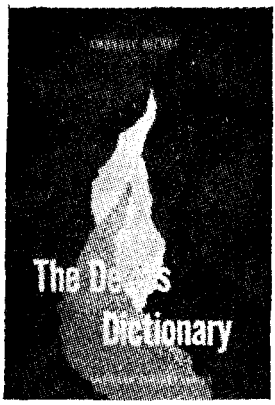

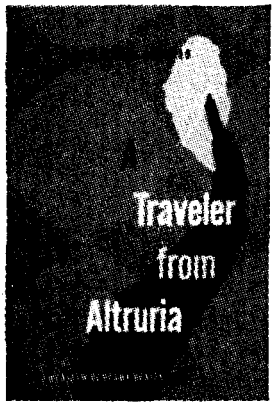

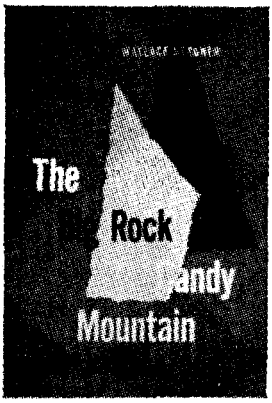

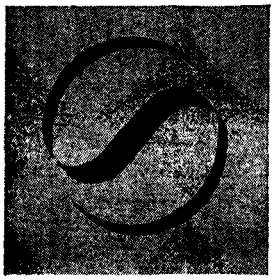

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great scene of sexual impact when Willems sets eyes on Aissa. It is indeed doubtful that any of Conrad's novels, late or early, are really about love, in the sense that *Antony and Cleopatra* is about love. But his treatment of the theme has its magnificent as well as its failing moments. To ascribe his decline as a writer to a deep-seated incapacity here is a dubious procedure altogether.

A less controversial book, but no less a labor of love, is the extensive compilation by Kenneth Lohf and Eugene Sheehy of works by and on Conrad. This covers bibliographic items in Western languages, including Polish, and will be put to use at once by students of Conrad.

LEO GURKO

THE POETRY OF EXPERIENCE. By Robert Langbaum. *Random House. $4.50.*

The poetry of experience, contrasted by Robert Langbaum with the poetry of meaning, is the "appropriate form for an empiricist and relativist age." Shakespeare and Aristotle are cited as points of contrast; the prominence of action in Aristotle is replaced by character in the poetry of experience; modern attention to Shakespeare has concerned the psychology of his heroes rather than their morals. Langbaum demonstrates the connection of romantic and contemporary poetry, contradicting the absurdity that Eliot rediscovered a tradition last understood by Donne. The dramatic monologue, in which "judgment is largely psychological and historical," becomes the type of the modern poem; demonstration concentrates on Browning, whose *The Ring and the Book* receives excellent attention, and goes no further in time than *Prufrock*.

Despite occasional jargon ("The de-objectification of morality in the modern era. . ."), Mr. Langbaum writes with a style uncommonly smooth for a literary critic, but his very mellifluousness is sometimes a music of abstractions; the reader may beg for the interruption of definition. More serious a flaw to this reader is Langbaum's historical neutralism. He quotes many poems, but it is often impossible to tell whether he likes them; his treatment of ideas involves their validation as events but not their intellectual validity. He says of the dramatic monologue, "Ideas . . . are used . . . not to mean but to be evoked." In the sense that meaning implies a judgment of validity, and therefore committal, we may twist the sentence and apply it to Mr. Langbaum in criticism. To be neutral about ideas is perhaps to evade them. However, I admire *The Poetry of Experience* as the observation of cultural change, and perhaps I err in blaming it for being a symptom of the change it discusses.

DONALD HALL

VIOLENCE IN LINCOLN COUNTY, 1869-1881. By William A. Keleher. *University of New Mexico Press. $6.00.*

Crime is indubitably a part of the amalgam of history, and in several of its vagaries is the principal theme of this work on a small segment of the history of New Mexico Territory. The potpourri of relevant stories —completely authenticated—set down in the book is important (although replete with redundancies) for the researches of local historians, and is significant for the general reader as an illustration of what frequently occurred in every frontier area. The period emphasized by the author covers the administrations of Governors Samuel Axtell and Lew Wallace, although it must be stated that the study is not an integral history of the administrations in question; it is rather an intimate and well-documented narrative of happenings in the realm of crime in Lincoln County in the years 1869-1881. Murder, pillage, cattle rustling and factional fighting—amounting to civil war —were the order of the day. Jail breaks, aided and abetted, usually cheated the law either before trial or after conviction by the courts, and New Mexican terrain afforded an easy escape from recapture. Local officers of the law were also frequently in league with persons held in custody. In the constellation of murderers, one finds the ubiquitous William H. Bonney, alias Henry Antrim, alias William H. McCarty, alias

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Billy the Kid, a character who was only one of many killers and by no means the worst of them. The author spreads before the reader the most complete account of Billy the Kid this reviewer has seen.

The supineness of the territorial governors, the indifference of the federal government, and the consequent immobilization of law and justice account for the almost total abandonment of peaceful pursuits in the county. Even the tardy employment of United States troops was not effective in the early establishment of public order. The turbulence was such that the property and personal safety even of neutral residents were jeopardized.

CLARENCE E. CARTER

THE SANCTITY OF LIFE AND THE CRIMINAL LAW. By Glanville Williams. *Knopf. $5.00.*

This engrossing study by an erudite Welshman is an expansion of five lectures delivered in the Carpentier Series at Columbia University School of Law in 1956, a lectureship graced historically by such worthies as Viscount Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, Justice Benjamin Cardozo, *et al.*

Professor Williams, who is Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, barrister of the Middle Temple, and formerly Quain Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of London, takes as his central theme the law of murder viewed in its ethico-legal relevance to infanticide, abortion, suicide, artificial insemination, euthanasia, et cetera. He argues cogently that these forms of "murder or near-murder," unlike the prohibition of killing with impunity, rest upon a "philosophical attitude," rather than "social necessity." He therefore extends his discussion to the "moral, religious, medical, social, eugenic, demographic and penological" aspects of these borderline offenses.

Williams contends that his work is a "legal argument," centered around the conflict between "the ideals of happiness and holiness; about the way in which morals become entangled with semantics. . . ." It

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would seem, rather, to be a conflict between (a) the currently accepted Anglo-American mores and (b) the historical sanctions, expressed and implied in the common law, and therefore the religious beliefs of that period wherein the criminal law was congealing.

The treatment is objective and scholarly, although the overemphasis on abortion and the consequent Protestant-Catholic polemic tend to distort the over-all balance.

Dr. Williams writes well, argues convincingly, and has produced a well-documented commentary on a neglected area of substantive criminal law. The literature of penology and medical jurisprudence is enriched thereby.

ARTHUR L. BEELEY

THE SUPREME COURT: Constitutional Revolution in Retrospect. By Bernard Schwartz. *Ronald. $6.50.*

Professor Schwartz's worthwhile book is particularly timely in light of the intense controversy which surrounds the Supreme Court today. Because it is "a judicial tribunal with the authority to decide disputes that, in other systems, are fought out at the political level," the Court necessarily finds itself the frequent target of public-issue partisans. Professor Schwartz offers a storehouse of knowledge about the business of the Court, its vast but nonetheless limited powers, and its critical role in the making of public policy.

The Supreme Court provides, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of President Roosevelt's Court-packing plan, a useful study of the change since 1937 in the Court's attitude toward "its proper place in a representative democracy." Since 1937 the Court has assumed a posture of deference toward the acts of Congress, of the President and the federal administrative agencies and, in many cases, of their counterparts on the state level. It no longer conceives of itself as a super-legislature or super-executive established to review the "rightness" of decisions, but restricts its function to the review of their "reasonableness." Adoption of

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the posture of deference has meant a "drastic decline in the Supreme Court as a restraining organ." In the belief that judicial review is essentially undemocratic, Professor Schwartz favors the attitude of deference and criticizes those so-called "activists" on the Court who, he says, would read their personal preferences into the Constitution.

But despite his agreement in theory, the author repeatedly takes exception to the deference principle in practice. This ambivalence toward the role of the Court in securing the just poise between authority and liberty looks strangely like a vote for deference whenever the result is palatable and its rejection whenever the decision is believed unwise.

The author's prodigious research and deep understanding of the law have produced a book which not only presents in readable form the Court's position on vital issues, but also poses upon this background the enduring question of the Court's position in our democracy.

STEPHEN J. POLLAK

Ochre Yellow

MARK HEDDEN

The last flare
Reflects in the room.
The papered walls fuse
With an odor of apples and grapes.
The glass disorders
A view of the meadow.
She sits for her portrait,
Wife of the painter,
In her hands, the anticipated hour.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

About the Autumn edition of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR with its "Faiths for a Complex World"—I like it—I like it very much, more than any other edition of the SCHOLAR. To weigh the philosophical utterances of certain of the authors against the melody of Sumner or the poetic words of Cane is interesting and fun. Maybe because I'm in the over-sixty class I especially liked it. Anyway I'd like to see you give the forties and maybe even the twenties a chance.

ALAN A. PHILLIPS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

* * *

I was greatly interested in your series on "Faiths for a Complex World." However, I was greatly shocked at the resulting exposition of individual faiths. All contributors were excellent writers to be sure, but outside of a titillative experience in intellectual loquacity, what did they say? Some hinted; others cleverly avoided; but only Fueloep-Miller got around to a "tenable faith that can bring sober sustenance." The others were philosophically inebriated and graphically shallow. Some apparently had never before given any thought to the question of what life means and what purpose it has. Of all questions, this certainly should be basic among all intellectuals who dare to face reality.

JAMES K. COLE
Louisville, Kentucky

* * *

The paucity of significant ideas in the symposium on finding a faith to live by in your Autumn issue must have been disappointing to you. Of course the orthodox are taken care of by their orthodoxy, and presumably you wanted something for the unorthodox by certain of the unorthodox who have facility in written expression.

Because our Western civilization is based upon the Judaeo-Christian tradition, those who would depart from orthodoxy are so imbued with it that they are unable to step outside their environment and make a clean break. Hence they toy with Judaeo-Christian principles in an effort to glean some which may be acceptable to themselves; the result is invariably superficial and unconvincing.

The forty-to-sixty group and the twenty-to-forty group are in the same environment, and there is no reason to believe that their ratiocinations would yield a better harvest than those of the over-sixty group. Unless and until we are willing and able to make a clean break with our environment and also with that of Eastern civilization, we cannot expect to evolve a faith to live by that will be of real help to the unorthodox.

DAVID HAMBLEN
Newton, Massachusetts

* * *

As a clinical psychiatrist in private practice for the past ten years I am quite cognizant of the many philosophies expressed by your writers in the fine Autumn issue and have recommended it to many of my patients for its clarity, fascination and insight. I am sure that modern psychiatry today is constantly presenting the same searching into the self for the answers of the enigma of man.

I. LEO FISHBEIN, M.D.
Miami Beach, Florida

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Your aim in the Autumn issue was noble, the attainment indifferent. To ask a man to define himself, per se, is like asking him to look into his own eye. The eye remains static. It reveals only in movement—to the spectator.

However, I enjoyed William Carlos Williams' and Cid Ricketts Sumner's contributions. Mr. Williams whimsical ending whets the imagination for more on women and whores.

But of course "The Enchanted Glass" by Mr. Eiseley is outstanding, and I would like to hear more from him.

Two poems adhere to the point of your request, "Set of Seasons" by Donald Hall and "Transmutation" by Elizabeth Stanton Hardy. Mr. Ciardi's "Ezra Pound" is touching, but why can't he cry with a louder voice over this man?

M. C. SPADO
Penns Grove, New Jersey

* * *

Although the ideas expressed in the essays of your Autumn issue experiment have been heard before, each writer was able to maintain the inconsistencies and consistencies of his faith in maturity. Each of us shouting into a canyon, cupping hand to ear, hears truth. But hearing others air their beliefs in public one wonders if his beliefs would fare as well under close inspection. This challenge to rethink one's stance is valuable.

I would genuinely wish to see more persons state their beliefs, but I feel that if others stated how their beliefs relate to certain important events of today we would be as well, if not better, prepared to meet tomorrow's dawns. "A Creed for Nuclear Testing" and "My Faith in Interplanetary Space" are suitable titles for such essays.

JAMES JACOBSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

* * *

Dean Taylor's article on William Faulkner in the Autumn issue is one of the finest and most enjoyable pieces of literary analysis ever carried by the SCHOLAR. Looking at *A Fable* specifically and without the rose-colored glasses through which present-day critical jargon is composed, he has clarified the much talked about and little thought about book; he has, indeed, come to terms with it. In justice to Faulkner, it is about time somebody attempted this.

It seems to me that Faulkner, having passed with reasonable grace the barrier of "The New Compassion" [AS:Spring, 1957] in his previous books, met and did not conquer the *bête noire* of most modern novelists in *A Fable*. Confronted by the desire to make articulate a certain moralism and a certain ethic implied in his earlier works and elaborated on by the critics, he discovered, as any truly imaginative author does, the impossibility of formalizing the vast and subjective children of his imagination. What emerged was a pastiche of previous pronouncements which was, too consciously, Faulkner writing and thinking as Faulkner is said by his public to write and think. To the public's surprise (and perhaps to the author's), it was not an affirmation of endurance, heart lifting or otherwise. The most important thing about *A Fable* is that it helps us to understand the multiplicity and contradiction in Faulkner's world, not that it is an embodiment of a single moral or human theme. This quite naturally disturbs the modern mind, which prefers its novelists' careers to culminate in definite points like so many Eiffel Towers.

The parallel of *A Fable* with the New Testament is highly illuminating. I would like to see a further comparison of Faulkner's view of mankind with that of the naturalists, and much more of Dean Taylor's perceptive analysis.

JANE SEBOLD
Madison, Wisconsin

* * *

I have been invited to comment on the remarks L. L. Rice made in the Autumn SCHOLAR about my "Red-Tagging of Negro Protest" piece [AS:Summer, 1957].

Mr. Rice offered two criticisms. First, he said that I should not have indicted the whole South for attaching the Communist label to the Negro's struggle for civil rights. My answer is that I didn't. In the third paragraph of my article I stated: "This is not to suggest that all white Southerners

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think this way—not even all those who believe in segregation. Opinion ranges about as widely in the South as in other sections of the country." And so on. Further, the subsequent use of such expressions as "the kind of Southerner being discussed here" indicated that I was not attributing the fallacy to everybody below the Mason-Dixon line.

In his second point Mr. Rice suggested that since the North has racial problems too, the SCHOLAR editors and I should clean up Yankee backyards before discussing Southern frailties. I must confess that I, like Mr. Rice, find my glands secreting overtime when I hear one type of New Yorker talking about Arkansas in a holier-than-thou way. But I'm not offended when another type of Northerner, who hates bigotry and unfairness wherever he finds them, criticizes these phenomena in the South. For me to tell him to stop talking about Alabama problems until every last wrong has been set to rights in New York and Chicago would be like a resident of Jerusalem in 33 A.D. telling Jesus to clean up all the sin in Galilee before asking any other city to repent.

All my early life in Georgia I heard people being divided into Northerners and Southerners. Hollywood westerns have a better division: good guys and bad guys. Because I don't believe that morality is a geographical thing, I'd like to see a new alliance—of good guys, North and South, against bad guys, North and South. But to make this alliance effective, decent Southerners would have to learn to listen to criticism about the South and then ask as their first question, "Is it true?" rather than "Did the guy roll his *r*'s when he said it?"

JANE CASSELS RECORD
Sacramento, California

* * *

Recent issues of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR have included the reflections of authors and critics on crime and criminals in literature. As a practicing criminologist, the literature of crime has always struck me as an interesting exercise in the imputation of motivation, revealing more about an author than a character. Mr. Langbaum touches on the crux of the matter when he comments, "Whatever the truth about actual criminals . . . ," and then goes on to talk about "the criminal as a literary figure." There is a strange relationship between the two.

What knowledge we have of "actual" criminals is gained from those who are caught. The rest is unrecognized confession or creative empathy. We also know that only the minority of criminals are caught. Case mortality statistics reveal that of all crimes known to the police, only 25 per cent are followed by arrest, 10 per cent result in convictions, and only 4 per cent result in penitentiary commitments. Our knowledge of crime, rather than criminals, is more extensive for we read about it all the time in newspapers and in literature. However, I need hardly add that the type of crime that sells newspapers or that serves as a literary catharsis is a highly selected image of crime that has no correlation with actual crime rates. The overwhelming proportion of crime is directed against property or consists of nuisance activities. Homocides and sex offenses constitute less than 10 per cent of all crime but constitute the bulk of crime committed by newspaper and literary criminal figures.

The relative paucity of knowledge about criminals as such, and the distorted image of criminals we get from newspapers and literature, has its advantages and disadvantages for authors and literary critics. On the one hand it enables some authors to impute the wildest motivations to cosmic criminals whose depredations are a symbolic *Zeitgeist* for an era. On the other hand, it enables critics like Mr. Fuller to make a sharper distinction than necessary between criminals and others to whom virtuous labels are applied. He would be well advised to read Sutherland's *White Collar Crime*. Those of us who work in the field have frequent occasion to say, "There, but for the grace of God, go I," and eventually come to admit, "Nothing that is human is alien to me."

HANS W. MATTICK
Assistant Warden
Cook County Jail
Chicago, Illinois

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